The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1927 NUMBER 678

Contents

The Week 27

Editorials

America Re-interpreted 29
Labor Unsheathes the Sword 31
The Rise and Fall of the K. K. K. 33

General Articles

Woodrow Wilson: Political Preacher.....Edmund Wilson 35
Germany Insures Her Workers.....Felix Morley 42
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 44
The Epstein Exhibition.....Stark Young 45
Down on the Farm.....Herbert Feis 47

Correspondence 48

Reviews of Books

The Technique of Propaganda..Robert Morss Lovett 49
Failure in Heaven.....Lawrence S. Morris 50
Wisdom "on Spec".....D. B. Woolsey 51
Chopin.....Axton Clark 51
Mr. Cabell Lays by His Fig-Leaf....Hudson Strode 52
Scientific Gossip.....C. E. A. 52
Contemporary Thought of Japan and China...N. P. 53

The Week

THE Mexican Supreme Court has handed down an important decision regarding the Petroleum law which has been the chief subject of controversy with the United States for a long time past. In a suit brought by the Mexican Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the Court held that Articles 14 and 15 of the Petroleum law are unconstitutional in so far as they apply to this company. These articles, in effect, substituted fifty-year concessions for oil-land titles acquired before 1917, and declared forfeited those titles as to which no application for confirmatory concessions had been made within one year after the new Petroleum legislation came into effect. The full text of the decision has not been made public, and will not for some time; the preceding summary is based on the statement made by the Secretary of the Court to the Mexico City correspondent of the Associated Press, and may not be borne out by the document in detail. Moreover, a single decision does not suffice to overthrow legislation in Mexico as it does in the United States, five in succession being necessary. Yet it is clear that the oil men, fighting the constitutionality of the law, have gained an important victory. The oil drilling permits of the Mexican Petroleum Company, invalidated by the Mexican government, are restored.

INEVITABLY, the question has been raised whether the decision has not political motivation behind it. Courts in Latin-American countries, like those elsewhere, are not insensitive to the shifting winds of expediency. The decision comes at a moment when, because of the appointment of Mr. Dwight Morrow as American Ambassador, expectations of a solution of the difficulties between the two countries are higher than they have been in years. It comes, moreover, at a moment when Calles has crushed a formidable attempt at revolution, and is particularly well able to disregard anti-gringo feeling on the part of the populace. It comes after years of the strongest effort on the part of the United States government to force a change in Mexico's laws to bring them into accord, not with "international law," as has so often been said, but with the American Constitution; and at a time when the Mexican government is painfully conscious that, by putting an embargo on purchases of arms by itself, and by opening the border to revolutionists, the United States could insure the success of the next insurrection, which would doubtless be forthcoming promptly, if the word were given. How far these things influenced the justices of the Mexican Supreme Court, if at all, we do not know; we leave it to the experts to decide, when the text has been published, whether the recent decision is good Mexican law. We do know, however, that if the action does not spring from a reasoned conviction, but is the result of political pressure, no settlement of the affairs between the two countries based upon it will, or can, result in genuine peace and friendship.

THERE are at least four good reasons why the British government has decided to lay down only one new cruiser this year instead of three. The first of these is the desire for economy; the second, strong pressure from the Liberals and others in

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favor of moderation in ship-building; third, the desire to overcome the bad impression which has been made at home and abroad by the result of the Geneva conference, especially in the light of Viscount Cecil's criticism, and fourth, the desire not to offend the United States if it can possibly be avoided, in view not only of the possibility of another conference on limitation of armament in the near future, but of the conference when the naval agreements made in Washington in 1921 come to an end, in 1931. These are all good reasons, and do the Baldwin government no discredit. They are far more plausible than the interpretation made for a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune by some unnamed "high official," that the altered program of Great Britain is "a trap," laid to lull Congress into a false sense of security at its coming session. There's no pleasing the big-navy men. If Britain builds, we must build, ship for ship; if Britain doesn't build, she is trying to trick us, and the only safe thing is for us to build.

AMONG the powerful voices in England just now against a shipyard duel with the United States is that of Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Kenworthy, whose book, "Peace or War," a sensation in Great Britain, has just been published in America by Boni and Liveright (New York). Writing in the Manchester Guardian, Commander Kenworthy a few days ago warned his fellow countrymen that the British sea policy in war-time is sure to cause serious trouble with the United States in any future struggle in which Great Britain participates and America is neutral. He shows from the experience of 1914-18 that it is absolutely out of the question for Great Britain to build enough ships to control the seas, either for defensive or offensive purposes, against the menace of the submarine. The only possible way out of the dilemma, he says, is "to meet the United States half-way on the demand for freedom of the seas," and also to have a clear understanding between America and the states which are members of the League as to what shall and shall not be done in the way of exercising economic pressure at sea against a country which has been adjudged an "aggressor." The Manchester Guardian goes even further and suggests a "Naval Locarno" among Great Britain, the United States and Japan, as well as every other power which cared to join. This agreement, presumably to be based on a recodification of the rights of neutrals at sea in war-time, would commit all the other powers to fight on behalf of any one of them whose commerce had been attacked at sea. The suggestion is, naturally, one which the United States is not likely to accept in any hurry; yet it deserves serious consideration; and is to be welcomed, if on no other ground, as calling public attention to the most difficult and serious question now on the horizon as between England and America.

THE News Letter of the American Committee for Justice to China quotes, from the North China Daily News, a passage which illustrates so perfectly the psychology of foreign residents in Shanghai, and the method by which intervention in weaker countries is brought about, that it is worth quoting:

> If one read Sir Austen Chamberlain's letter and then paraphrased it from memory, one would say that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs expressed the hope that the foreigners here would create a cause—which the British government and other governments could then support. This is worthy of Shanghai's careful consideration and thought. . . . We are inclined to think that many of our disasters would have been avoided if the sheep-like attitude of the residents had been abandoned, if a stand had been taken and the governments informed: "We are going to fight this unreasonable imposition. You are supposed to support us and we expect you to; but if you do not, we shall do our best on our own account." They cannot realize that a government has to have published or publishable material for a positive policy before it can shape it and appeal to its constituency for support in it. They do not appreciate that every government in such situations wants to be "embarrassed." To put it very boldly and crudely, every government that desires to champion the cause of its nationals abroad in any issue you like, expects those nationals to take the initiative, to act as *agents provocateur,* and to create a situation in which the government can take a hand with the approval of the nation.

UNTIL the facts are better established than by the first news reports, we have no right to judge where the immediate responsibility lies for the killing and wounding by state police of striking miners in Colorado. The Governor says the strikers were armed and the troopers fired in self-defense. Others say the strikers were not armed, except with sticks and stones. Certainly the fatalities and bullet-wounds seem to have been entirely on their side. Nothing but extreme personal danger, otherwise unavoidable, could justify the turning of rifles or machine guns on a crowd. Irrespective of the immediate responsibility, however, any bloodshed in a pitched battle between workmen and police is a black disgrace to the state, the industry and the nation in which it occurs, the ultimate responsibility for which those in charge of industrial policy cannot dodge. If the striking miners (led by the I. W. W.) provoked violence, what roused them to this pitch of fury? The most radical leaders could not thus stir satisfied workers, or workers who had other reasonably reliable ways of remedying grievances. The fact is that the coal industry, in its sad disorganization, provides a poor living indeed for the wage-earners. The fact is that in Colorado legitimate unions have been forcibly suppressed by the coal employers. The fact is that the law of the state forbids strikes, in an effort to enforce compulsory arbitration—which has not remedied the conditions complained of. The fact is that in this

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strike the state has maddened the strikers by throwing their leaders and hundreds of their pickets into jail. The fact is that the jailed leaders, who counselled against violence, could not be present to control the situation. The coal industry, the Colorado employers, and the state government have created the stage, the plot and the cues for the tragedy.

IN another column we describe the conditions under which the United Mine Workers of America—the A. F. of L. union thrown out of Colorado by violent repression in 1914—is fighting for its life in western Pennsylvania. The general struggle of this union extends also, under similar conditions, to Ohio and West Virginia. This American Federation of Labor union still has enough control of the situation to strive for genuine collective bargaining and to curb any tendency toward violence on the part of the workers. Wherever and whenever it is destroyed by the massed power of employers and the state, the only insurance of civil peace—without permitting organization—lies in occupation of the coal territory by armies of police or privately paid forces, and the repression of virtually all civil rights of the workers. A large part of the industry today is conducted under such conditions of armed repression. Who can tell when or where the next spontaneous revolt of the workers against this regime will arise? Who can say what sort of leaders it will bring forth? Under the present policy of reactionary employers in the United States, our civil peace is no more secure than would be the peace of Belgium under German occupation. The struggle of the United Mine Workers for survival is at bottom a struggle for a constitutional and civilized order in industry, without which real progress is impossible.

IN making its award to the Italian author, Grazia Deledda, the Nobel Prize commission seems to have followed a practice of which it has furnished other examples: to recognize writers of unquestioned merit but of restricted or even local reputation. Signora Deledda's fame has not been confined to Italy. Especially her earlier works were translated into the principal European languages; and five of her novels have appeared in America, the latest being "The Mother" (Macmillan) of 1924. Yet neither in Italy nor elsewhere has she enjoyed a clamorous success; nor from among her forty or more volumes does any one stand out as a member of the world's immortals. This is due, probably, to the narrowness of her distinctive field—the portrayal of the manners, customs, and figures of her native island, Sardinia—and to a corresponding narrowness of the moods and sentiments she exploits. Holding aloof from the great currents of thought and feeling which have coursed through the world, or even through her own country, during her lifetime, Grazia Deledda has for the most part clung to the matter she knows and to the life she understands. Publishers have occasionally urged her into strange fields—the psychological novel, for example, but she has always sensed the falseness of the divergent route and hurried back to her familiar ground. If it would seem surprising that better known Italian names were overlooked in this year's award, it should be remembered that hardly another Italian writer has stood the test of forty years of wear as Grazia Deledda has done. There is a fine and coherent seriousness of art in all her bulky production. While other more spectacular geniuses have been now applauded and now condemned, Grazia Deledda has been content with the esteem of a small but loyal audience, in each of the many countries of the western world.

America Re-interpreted

PERHAPS the most deplorable aspect of the presidential campaign of 1926, as it is now developing, is that it is proceeding in a complete intellectual vacuum. There is an abundance of more or less pretentious or unpretentious candidates, but there is an utter absence of ideas, issues or the public discussion of proposed or opposed policies. None of the several regular Republican candidates, such as Messrs. Hoover and Dawes, is willing to admit in public how in his opinion the government of the United States ought to be conducted, or how, if elected, he would like to conduct it. Ex-Governor Lowden is running on a program of farm relief, but the agitation which he seeks to represent wears an air of doubtful sincerity. The discontented agrarians are seeking to obtain relief from Congress rather than to carry the issue of industry vs. agriculture to the American people in a national election. It is this dearth of ideas, this fear of starting anything or standing for anything or seeing anything through, which gives strength to the agitation to commandeer President Coolidge for another term. Mr. Coolidge himself represents in American politics the only reigning principle, which is that of inertia, and if that principle is to prevail for another four years, Mr. Coolidge is the logical candidate and will make the perfect President.

The intellectual inertia infects both parties. The two Democratic candidates, in spite of their interest, as opposition candidates, in starting an agitation, have neither of them ruffled the stagnant and muddy political waters. Al Smith is pleading for support on the strength of his administrative record, his warm heart and his *beaux yeux*. He no longer emphasizes even his views on prohibition. Senator Reed alone has revealed his state of mind in a speech in which he asked his fellow countrymen to turn the Republican rascals out and elect him as a virtuous old-fashioned Democrat. It contained nothing but the stock Democratic stuff of fifty years ago. The Republicans are behaving as

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if they were sure of victory and as if they did not need to deserve it or to mean anything by it. The Democratic tactics are defeatist. They are doing their best to advertise to the world their impotence to issue any challenge to their nominal opponents.

The intellectual sterility of their national politics springs from deeper and more enduring sources than intelligent Americans usually recognize. It is not indicative of an equilibrium in American political and social forces or of an easy and untroubled national conscience. It is the product, rather, of an increasing sense of fatalism in relation to political decisions, of the futility of progressive agitation or of appeals to disinterested and reasonable motives and, in the background, the threat of government by class violence. From 1875 to 1896, our politics passed through a period of similar intellectual sterility, but its meaning was less disquieting. At that time the national conscience was really untroubled. It presided over a system which was assumed to need some reformation but which the reformers themselves considered fundamentally sound and safe. Today the presupposition of all American politics, except Mr. Coolidge's, is less complacent. The world, not excluding the American Utopia, has taken on an unpredictable and forbidding aspect. After a few years, perhaps, the deluge. We must not, however, admit anything of the kind to ourselves—much less in public. We must not discuss the danger except as the product of a malevolent conspiracy. We must not do anything except to suppress the people who talk about it and try to exploit it. Above all, we must not start any protective reforms which, like the progressive program of twenty years ago, would require public agitation and popular ferment. Prosperity is the dope and Coolidge is its prophet. For the rest, silence or, if any malcontents raise a row, malediction on them as wanton disturbers of the peace.

This state of mind will not last long, but as long as it lasts, it makes either violence, enervation or stagnation inevitable. It is equivalent to an abandonment and a betrayal of something peculiar and precious in the American tradition. In the light of their history, it is exceptionally important for Americans to think eagerly and warily about their present and prospective political processes. The United States of America came into existence on one particular occasion and as the result of a conscious preference. Locke wrote his treatise on Civil Government after the Revolution of 1688, but Hamilton and Madison wrote the Federalist before the ratification of the Constitution and as a means to that end. During the formative political period, the resolution of political conflicts by public discussion which resulted in permanent decisions was food and drink to the American people. It would be going too far to say that thereafter the American nation guided its policy by the light of formative ideas, but more than those European or Asiatic peoples whose harsh environment limited the scope of their choices in politics, Americans could afford to leaven their political and social conduct with some measure of ideology. At times the fermenting ideas were constructive, as in the writing of the Constitution and the later democratization of the state governments. At other times they were subversive, as in the revolt of the national conscience against the institution of slavery. Later, owing to the concentration of property and political power, they became apologetic and defensive. So they have remained, with one brief progressive interlude, since 1870, but only recently has the apologetic been an excuse for paralyzing political debate, for refusing to admit the reality of dangerous questions and answers and for the domination of administration over public deliberation in the government of the country.

This intellectual paralysis seems to have its roots in the combination of prosperity with disquietude among well-to-do people about the future of the system which claims to be responsible for it. A political and economic order whose democratic analogues elsewhere in the world are not working very successfully, but which still enables some Americans to amass enormous fortunes and the people in general to lie in unusual comfort, is an anomaly which it is not safe to think about. There is no sense in this anomaly, from the point of view of traditional American ideology. Rarely in the history of the country has the system provoked a less articulate domestic opposition. Yet the old satisfaction and the old assurance have passed; and in their place we find skepticism, a sense of frustration, uneasiness, downright disgust among many conscientious and thoughtful people, and blustering defiance on the part of the super-patriotic rough-necks. Where does the vexation of the spirit come from? What can be done to soothe it? Why is the traditional ideology in both its progressive and stand-pat expressions no longer satisfactory? These are questions which American public opinion cannot for the present pose for its own consideration or discuss candidly and fruitfully. Until it can, government in the United States will remain a matter of administration and politics a matter of spurious combats in which the victorious plutocracy will employ mercenaries or dummies to do its fighting, and will win by corrupting its nominal and disqualifying its real opponents.

The revival of vital political discussion in the United States depends upon the ending of the dual monopoly of political power by the two existing national parties. They are the official censors of political debate, and they conspire to prevent dangerous and vivacious political and economic issues from being fought out in the political arena. Their censorship will remain drastic and effective until the monopoly of these parties is challenged by an aggressive and radical party which will necessarily represent labor on the farm and in the factory rather

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than the concentration of capital in the cities. In the meantime, thoughtful American citizens will exercise less power in American politics than did the Mugwumps from 1880 to 1896. Yet they need not, on that account, connive at the prevailing intellectual sterility. It will be their business to keep American ideology alive in spite of the fact that for the time being it will not find much opportunity for expression in politics. The way in which this can best be done will depend upon their ability to put and answer the questions why the earlier American political ideology has become so anemic and what kind of tonic or change of life the doctor should prescribe.

During 1928, Mr. Waldo Frank will conduct a tentative inquiry of this kind in the New Republic. He will write for us a series of between twenty and twenty-five articles under the running title: The Rediscovery of America, which will deal essentially, although not topically, with the sickness of American political ideology. He will not occupy himself much with a political subject matter, but he will have a sufficient reason for this discrimination. In his opinion (which the New Republic shares), the over-dose of politics in traditional American ideology accounts in part for its sickness. Mr. Frank will contrast the traditional political interpretation of the promise of American life with a less political counter-interpretation of his own. Generations of Americans will come and go before the American people will work out the political social equivalent of a rediscovered America such as that which Mr. Frank proposes, but it does not follow that in the meantime there will be nothing which patriotic Americans can do about it. On the contrary, a vision of America which is less political and is more a matter of personal conduct and aspiration cries for realization both by thought and action. The American ideology which Mr. Frank has in mind would not live if it could not feed upon and transform all the so-called private civilizing activities of American life.

It is no part of our purpose to anticipate what Mr. Frank has to say, but since we are concerned at the beginning of a presidential campaign with the evidences of the increasing impotence of American political ideology, it seems worth while to recall for a moment why the founders of the Republic expected to accomplish so much by means of improved politics. Their high hopes were the product in part of the substantial advantages which American society derived from its residence in an undeveloped and most fertile continent, and in part from the gradually diminishing fascination which the otherworldliness and the barren subjectivism of the traditional religious culture was coming to have upon the modern man. The conditions in this country were favorable for an experiment in political and social fulfillment which did not oppose or defy religion but which did ignore it. Americans started this experiment because their surrounding conditions emancipated them from certain European handicaps, but they merely anticipated a journey which Europe was bound to take. An experiment of this kind was called for by the increasing sterility of both Catholic and Protestant Christianity as a way of life, and the need for all the civilized peoples of the West for a more public and better surveyed vista of secular progress. Thus Europe not only suggested this experiment but the European nations have since pursued it with greater zeal than Americans have, and in spite of graver obstacles. The inadequacy of a merely political and social synthesis is even more expensively and glaringly revealed by recent European than by recent American experience. The failure is straining the fabric of all modern civilization, and it needs to be isolated and specifically studied. We hope and trust that the American conscience, which was aided by circumstances to start the experiment, will not be prevented by circumstances from being the first clearly to realize it and to deal with it as an American problem. Now that political democracy is failing to cure the evils which it generates, American intelligence should consider how American society can supplement democracy with some better method than the Christian Churches furnish of educating adults for carrying on a life of adaptation to a mechanistic world, which would also be a life of religious fulfillment.

Labor Unsheathes the Sword

IN RECENT months the American labor movement has, wisely, we believe, emphasized a conciliatory policy with employers who are willing to work with it. Wages are to rise as productivity rises; in order to facilitate this end, labor will assist the elimination of waste and the installation of more efficient processes. Facts and figures are to be used instead of bald demands in negotiations. Certain superficial commentators have inferred from all this that the golden age of industry is at hand, that there will be no more strikes and no more conflict. Yet, as labor spokesmen have often said and as the New Republic has frequently pointed out, the extending of the olive branch to progressive and conciliatory employers must be accompanied by a vigorous wielding of the sword against those who are hostile to unions: without strong unions there can be no coöperation. The hour is now at hand for as determined a battle as labor ever fought, and we are happy to see the movement stripping for action.

Some months ago, the Pittsburgh Coal Company violated the Jacksonville agreement which it had signed with the United Mine Workers of America, drastically reduced wages and terminated relationships with the union. Similar action followed on the part of the Bethlehem Mines Corporation and other strong companies in the heart of the union territories in western Pennsylvania. Strike-breakers were imported from states further south—perhaps as

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many as 175,000. The miners' union, of course, took up the gauge of battle, and performed its usual functions of aiding the strikers, keeping roofs over their heads, and otherwise seeking to help them maintain resistance until the employers could be induced to open negotiations.

So strong has this resistance proved that the coal companies have resorted in full force to their arsenal of political and military weapons, so often invoked before in the coal regions and particularly in western Pennsylvania. The "Coal and Iron Police"—a body at once paid by the employers and commissioned by the state, and hence constituting what the unions aptly term a private army—was called into action. In addition, hundreds of special deputy sheriffs, paid privately, but with public authority, were created for the occasion. Against these forces grave charges of violence and intimidation are brought by union leaders, who support their charges with over two hundred affidavits. The state constabulary, with whose activities in violently breaking up a peaceful meeting at Cheswick, New Republic readers are already familiar, have also been used to terrorize the population. County sheriffs, taking the law into their own hands, have issued proclamations forbidding meetings, even preventing as many as three miners from gathering in public. The companies, most of whom own the houses in which the miners live, have enforced ruthless evictions; it is stated that more than fifteen hundred families have been evicted in the Pittsburgh district alone, and that there are about eight thousand cases pending.

And, as usual, the courts have been called upon to supplement the police in fighting the employers' battle for them. The most notable injunction—that issued by Federal Judge Schoonmaker on the ground that the miners are violating the anti-trust laws because this strike for the existence of the union is interfering with "interstate commerce"—forbids all the usual and lawful activities in furtherance of a strike, and even goes to the extent of prohibiting the use of union funds to pay the cost of appealing eviction cases, and forbidding bonding companies from issuing surety in such cases. Injunctions forbid the use of billboards to advertise the fact that there is a strike. A state court has rendered a startling decision to the effect that, when miners occupy company houses, their relation to the company is not that of tenant to landlord, but only of servant to master.

No wonder there was an overflowing attendance at the conference of officials of all the national and international unions affiliated with the Federation of Labor, held recently at Pittsburgh to consider the matter. Not only were these leaders of the national movement told of the situation of the miners, but it was pointed out that Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania had been, at least up to the time of his election, vice-president, member of the board of directors and counsel of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation, one of the companies concerned in the strike. It was charged that behind the aggression of the employers was a conspiracy of railroads and other large industrial interests. Whether there is a conspiracy or not, it certainly is true that the government of Pennsylvania has been, with the exception of Mr. Gifford Pinchot's term of office, in the hands of a corrupt machine, for the main activities of which Secretary Mellon and the big industrialists may be held responsible. In a sense, therefore, the present conflict is a head-on collision between the most powerful and reactionary forces in American political and industrial life, and the American trade-union movement as a whole. This is a far cry from the awaited golden age of peace and coöperation in industry.

The union leaders were not slow to appreciate the significance of the crisis. In a struggle of this kind, fought with such weapons, the cause of the miners becomes the cause of all labor. The conference voted, as a matter of form, to send delegations to apprise Governor Fisher and President Coolidge of the facts. Naturally Governor Fisher will do nothing. The President, in spite of his intimate connections with the forces in Pennsylvania responsible for the acts of oppression, disclaims, as he easily may, any legal power to act or any official concern with the conflict. The conference also decided to appeal to all the constituent bodies for funds to help the destitute miners and their families. This is aid of a substantial sort, and we trust that the appeal will be doubly effective. More significant even than this, however, is the attitude adopted toward the injunction of Judge Schoonmaker and other official acts. It was plainly hinted that these activities, which labor believes contrary to the fundamental law, will be opposed by open defiance. The conference, referring to the miners, said, "we call upon them as fellow citizens for the continuance of the law as prescribed in the American Constitution and to pay no heed to power assumed by those who are unauthorized under the law to limit, circumscribe or repress their rights as citizens." This attitude may not be good law, but it represents a refreshing determination not to submit to intolerable injustice, which is of importance not merely to union members, but to all citizens.

The New Republic has frequently expressed doubts of the leadership which, not reckoning with the problems of the bituminous coal industry as a whole, has made it necessary for the union miners to undertake a series of battles in the course of which they have lost much of the territory once held. If the strategy of the United Mine Workers' officials had been more far-seeing, the Pennsylvania miners might not now be engaged in so desperate a struggle, which will prove a heavy burden on the trade-union movement. Nevertheless, something more fundamental than the policies of leadership is at stake now. The struggle is on, and it involves not only the existence of the union itself in the fields

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uestion, but the right to defend it by means n ordinarily have been lawful in the past, and d be permitted to all labor organizations. The a... tion and preservation of this right is a necessary duty, if the United States is not to become completely an industrial feudalism—benevolent or otherwise. In taking up with a whole heart the cause of the Pennsylvania miners, the trade-union movement deserves the aid and sympathy of all who believe in industrial freedom for the worker. The American Federation of Labor now has the opportunity to prove whether it can summon enough courage, enthusiasm and power, in a just cause, to protect the very bases on which rest its continued existence and usefulness. In this battle, the miners are, as has been said of them before, the "shock troops" of labor. They are also the shock troops of all common citizens who would ultimately be threatened by an unholy combination of government with the power of cynical wealth.

The Rise and Fall of the K. K. K.

THE Ku Klux Klan has undergone some serious setbacks in recent months. In Alabama, a state long completely dominated by the hooded order, thirty-six of its members have been indicted for a series of floggings of various men and women, white and black. Attorney General C. C. McCall, himself a Klansman until a few weeks ago, has resigned from the organization, declaring that loyalty to the state comes first. He proposes, despite the opposition of Governor Bibb Graves, who is a member and was elected with the aid of the Klan, to stamp out "the rule of mask and lash." In Pennsylvania, court proceedings between two factions of the K. K. K. have resulted in some sordid revelations. Riots were artificially created, we learn, so as to herd new members into the organization—at ten dollars a head. It has also been disclosed that a secret inner body, called "The Black Robe Society," exists to administer punishments, of the customary sadistic character, to any Klansman who refuses to do as he was told. In Indiana, the state-wide corruption and bribery by and for the Klan, which debauched the government of the commonwealth, has come to light as an aftermath of the case of D. C. Stephenson, former leader of the organization in that state, who is now serving a life sentence for the rape and murder of a young woman.

In all these states, and in others, the enrollment of the Klan is diminishing. Thousands of sincere and honest men have quit the order in disgust after learning of the avariciousness and debauchery of their leaders. Senator Carter Glass recently stated that the society is now stronger in the North than in the South, and is probably correct. It is losing ground in such former strongholds as Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In New England, where it was late in starting, it apparently has not yet run its course; but in most other parts of the country it is undoubtedly on the decline. Correspondents of the New Republic in a number of the chief cities of the West and South have reported a loss of membership in the last year or so which averages one-half. Even in states like New Jersey, where it continues powerful, it no longer dares make the public display it once did, and rarely indulges any more in such pastimes as exhibiting a burning cross on a hillside.

Another revival of the K. K. K. is, of course, entirely possible; indeed, no one ought to be surprised if repeated outbursts of the feeling which created it should occur during the next fifty years. If Al Smith becomes the Democratic candidate for President, that fact will be at least a temporary godsend to the Klan. We must also remember that the disintegration of the order in any locality does not mean that its erstwhile members have experienced any change of heart. They continue to be possessed by their former prejudices and terrors. It is not impossible that candidates for public office in those districts may find it an asset to have been a Klansman, as it was in the North a generation ago to have been a Grand Army man. Such spectacles as that which Mayor Thompson has staged in Chicago help to nourish the roots of Klannishness, despite the fact that the Klan is predominantly "Nordic" and the Mayor's campaign was directed against the English. (It was also in part anti-Catholic; Protestant Chicago was told in discreet whispers that "King George" meant neither the present nor any former resident of Buckingham Palace, but George, Cardinal Mundelein, who played so prominent a role in the Chicago celebration of the Eucharistic Congress.)

The explanations of the Klan's revival which are commonly heard usually tell us too much or too little. It is true that, in some communities, the movement was an economic drive against Jewish and other "alien" business competitors; but it was also strong among those who had never experienced such competition. If in parts of the South it took over an existing, loose and unrealized association of white men against the Negro, it flourished equally in parts of the North where the Negro is practically unknown. Some men joined the Klan, no doubt, in order to get a chance to belong to something secret, to know passwords and wear regalia; but that does not explain its popularity with those who were already satisfying these impulses in other and older organizations. Some hoodlums signed up in order to participate in the night riding; but it is safe to say that 90 percent of the total membership list never indulged in such practices. Everywhere, it was efficiently sold by high-pressure sales methods; but, as all business men know, these methods are not effective on a large scale unless the commodity of-

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fered is one the people want. Why did they want the Klan?

The underlying reasons are far from simple. One of them is that, at the time the organization was reborn, the people were frightened. They had been through a war which thousands of them, especially in the Middle and Far West, never really understood or believed in. Their minds had been unsettled by that experience, and by the mass of conflicting propaganda urged upon them during and after the war period by this or that special interest. Nothing is more natural than to cling to one's neighbors, under these circumstances, and to seek with them to set up some sort of machinery, operating secretly and by force, if necessary, which shall preserve the old institutions which are held dear, and seem to be threatened. We may abhor the action of the Alabaman who refused the other day to testify in court, on the ground that his Klan oath came first; but in fairness we must recognize that in his own mind he is choosing between two American governments, that of the Klan and that of Alabama, and preferring the one he knows best and trusts most. This is a loyalty which is not to be despised merely because it is so easily used by corrupt men for anti-social purposes.

Another historical accident helped the Klan: the fact that prohibition began when the famous "wildness of youth" was at its peak. With prohibition came the bootlegger, and many anxious parents, seeing their sons and daughters going in for "petting parties," all-night automobile escapades and bad gin, sincerely thought the foundations of society were being undermined by the vicious elements identified in their minds with the illegitimate traffic in liquor. In town after town, all over the country, the first act of the newly formed Klan was to horsewhip the proprietor of the most notorious local speak-easy, and no inconsistency was felt because in the party which did so there might be men who themselves drank.

Another minor cause of the Klan's success was the general disbelief in the honesty of the press, entertained, then and now, by a surprisingly large proportion of the citizenry—surprising, that is, in view of the fact that those who hold it continue to buy and read newspapers. The Klan assured its prospective members, what most of them believed already, that journalism is under the control of sinister interests and never tells the truth. This was to be had only from Klan sources. The novice felt that after he had joined he was behind the scenes, "in the know"—and there is no more delicious sensation.

The anti-foreign aspect of the Klan was helped by yet another historical accident. The experience of the War had made the country acutely conscious of the large mass of undigested foreigners in its midst; the old idea of the successful melting pot was beginning to be subjected to a sharp scrutiny. With the end of the conflict, a fresh tide of immigration began, as people in devastated Europe sou escape to what seemed by comparison the ve paradise on the other side of the Atlantic. before had so many arguments existed in fa restricting immigration; and the Klan organizers made good use of the threat that we should be "inundated" by "the undesirables of all Europe."

Finally, to many Americans of the class which contained the largest number of potential members of the Klan, the whole present-day civilization seemed undesirable, as compared with the final days of the Victorian era in which they grew up. Probably they did not consciously expect to turn the clock back; but their mood was one of protest and they were glad of an opportunity to register that fact. The Klan was not an organization seeking to get things done; it was intent on preserving a *status quo* which seemed in danger of disappearing.

It was inevitable, no doubt, that such an order should run its course in any one locality in a few years' time. By no means all the members were actuated by motives as respectable as those we have just indicated, and the decent majority could not very long go on pretending ignorance of the sins of the worst 10 percent. The leadership of the Klan was almost everywhere appallingly bad; when it was not openly venal, debauched and corrupt as were Stephenson and some of the Atlanta heads, it was dull and stupid, relying on increasingly large doses of vicious doctrines of hatred to keep control of the rank and file. There is at present no reason to suppose that, in another five years, the Klan will be anything but negligible, as a political and social phenomenon; but, as we have suggested, there is also no reason to suppose a recrudescence of the same forces, in the same or another form, may not be expected at almost any time. With all our devices for communication and information, our 23,000,000 automobiles, 6,000,000 radio sets, 10,000,000 daily attendances at motion picture theaters, 35,000,000 newspapers and 800,000 college students, we seem to have made hardly any inroad at all on the parochial-mindedness which has made the Klan once and may do it again.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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Woodrow Wilson: Political Preacher

THE first two volumes of the official biography of Woodrow Wilson* are now before the public: the first deals with Wilson's early life up to the time of his going to Princeton as a professor, and the second takes him up to his resignation as president of Princeton. Mr. Baker has both the vices and the advantages of an official biographer—the vices of a loquacious admiration which cannot refrain from continually exclaiming over the utterances and deeds of his hero instead of allowing them to speak for themselves, and a bias which, from beginning to end, prevents him from permitting his subject to appear for a moment as anything but a perfect gentle knight. The result is that, with the copious documentation of a history, his biography moves in something of the miraculous atmosphere of a saint's legend. You would never know from this history that Wilson was, among other things, a resourceful politician: he is represented as carrying all before him by some divine irresistible authority. But Mr. Baker's advantage lies in the fact that he does have the documents; and it may be said that, allowing for his bias, he seems to use them conscientiously and carefully. His book is not very vivid and not very well written: it has something of the monotony of vocabulary, the lulling repetitiousness and the dilution of ideas of the subject himself. Thus, after quoting from some one of Wilson's utterances in which the weakness of the latter's thought and style are already sufficiently evident, Mr. Baker will add some such comment as: "The sheer eloquence of the man!" or "The sheer fighting spirit of the man!" or something of the sort, using "sheer" precisely in the way that Wilson was in the habit of doing, with the intention of reënforcing some statement, but with the effect of rendering it feebler. It cannot, therefore, be denied that Mr. Baker has been guilty of some insipidity. On the other hand, the material of his biography has been most scrupulously and clearly arranged: his book is extremely well ordered. He neglects none of the activities of his subject—political, academic, domestic or recreative—and he tells about everything in its place, proceeding slowly, step by step, indicating exactly the order of events and going back patiently to trace some aspect which, for fear of complicating his main narrative, he has hitherto been obliged to neglect. As a result, we have what is undoubtedly the most illuminating and valuable work on Wilson which has yet appeared. Mr. Baker has thrown into shadow some of the angles and colors of his subject, but most of Wilson's character is there: it is quite plain in his acts and in his letters. We no longer feel, after we have read the first volume of Mr. Baker's book—the volume dealing with that part of Wilson's life about which least has hitherto been written—we no longer feel, after reading this, that there is anything really enigmatical about Wilson.

The whole man is before us from the beginning. We have heard much of Wilson's development and varying phases; but we see now that, though he sometimes changed his views on specific problems, his abilities, his ambitions, his relations with the world about him, remained essentially the same. The first fact of importance which emerges in this account of Wilson's early life is the extraordinary homogeneity of his family and ancestry. All Wilson's family, so far back as anything is known about his father's side and for many generations on his mother's, were either Scotch or Scotch-Irish schoolmasters, professors or ministers. His paternal grandparents were born in the north of Ireland; and his mother was born in Scotland. There were also, among them, men of considerable importance in their communities. The paternal grandfather appears to have been a highly successful journalist and publisher in the West of the early century: he was a member of the state legislature, a bank director, and was locally known as "Judge." "While Judge Wilson was away in the legislature or in Pittsburgh, where, in 1832, he founded a new tri-weekly paper, the Pennsylvania Advocate, the redoubtable Anne Adams [Woodrow Wilson's grandmother] and her sons brought out the Steubenville Herald." The maternal grandfather Woodrow, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, after emigrating to America, held pastorates, first at Chillicothe, Ohio, and then at Columbus. One of Wilson's Woodrow uncles studied at Harvard under Agassiz, and at Heidelberg: while a professor at the Theological Seminary of Columbia, South Carolina, where he taught his classes evolutionary theories, he was tried for heresy, and, though acquitted, forced to leave. He continued, however, active in religious work, published a Presbyterian journal, became a successful business man and the president of a bank, and finally president of South Carolina College. "At one time, after the close of the Civil War, when the state government was at its lowest ebb, he made a bid for the state printing which had been done under the most wasteful of political methods. To the astonishment of everyone at the capital, he secured it. There was great speculation as to whether he would run his presses on Sunday, as all the former printers had been forced to do by the exigencies of publication connected with the legislature. But the people were not long to be in doubt. At twelve o'clock on the first Saturday night, Dr. Woodrow turned out all the lights in his printing office and the shop re-

* Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Two volumes. 708 pages. $10.

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mained closed until one o'clock Monday morning." Wilson's father was ordained in Ohio as a Presbyterian minister, taught chemistry and the natural sciences and rhetoric in the South, then became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Staunton, Virginia. He later moved to Augusta, and the first Southern Presbyterian Assembly after the schism caused by the Civil War was held in his church. The Southern Presbyterian Church was organized there, and Dr. Wilson remained for thirty-seven years its Permanent Clerk. His influence upon his son seems to have been profound—perhaps the most important of Wilson's life. When the boy was only a few months old, "very plump and fat and remarkably quiet," his maternal grandfather Woodrow is reported to have observed: "That baby is dignified enough to be Moderator of the General Assembly!"

The whole of Wilson's early life is thus completely enclosed by the horizons of the Presbyterian home. He grows up in the post-war South, and he identifies himself with its fortunes to the extent that, while a student at Princeton, he is capable of turning pale with passion and leaving the room, over an argument on the subject of the War; but he will not exhibit, except in certain particulars later to be noted, any essential Southern characteristics. He moves always in the atmosphere of Presbyterian public life—that is, lecturing, editorial writing and preaching—and Presbyterian domesticity. This provides him with a discipline and a whole set of social ideals which completely command his allegiance. In order to understand Wilson's career, we must consider the virtues and the deficiencies of the Presbyterian society which nourished him, and whose benefits he probably had the advantage of enjoying at their fullest.

One of the features, then, of Wilson's forbears is that they are men and women of principle—that is, though by no means naïve in the material world, they habitually put moral considerations above material ones. They may turn a hand to real estate or banking; but they are consecrated to higher causes, to education and to the Church. Much of Woodrow Wilson's power was derived from the passionate persistency with which he adhered, in later life, to this ideal of acting on principle. He carried the devotion to principle into fields where people had never thought to see it, and those he encountered were invariably at first demoralized or won. I have complained that Mr. Baker represents Wilson as carrying everything before him as by some irresistible authority; but, if we do not slight the other elements in his career, this, in a limited sense, is true. All that vocabulary of idealism—truth, righteousness, service, faith—which the ordinary public speaker uses without believing in them and almost without the expectation of being believed—all these phrases meant something real to Wilson; and it was the perception of this fact which arrested the attention of the public. This was the language which Wilson had always spoken: you find it in all the family documents which Mr. Baker has published: you find it in the devoted letters between Wilson and his father. Wilson continued to speak it all his life: he would, indeed, never learn any other; and, in his inability to learn the language of the world even while dealing with worldlings or himself bringing into play the machinery of the world, he illustrates one of the weaknesses, as he also illustrates so astonishingly the strength, of that Puritan culture which he had inherited. For it was characteristic of Wilson that he could not express himself on any issue or describe any action of his own except in the terms of the pulpit, the language of semi-religious idealism. I do not believe that he was ever a hypocrite: I believe that he was always convinced that the values of a given situation were such as he represented them. Wilson had never relinquished his first religious faith: he declined to debate religious questions; he would "go crazy," he insisted in later life, if he did not believe in God. When his fiancée reads philosophy and raises religious doubts, he writes her that, "so far as religion is concerned, discussion is adjourned." And the validity of his own moral principles, the infallibility of his judgment in acting on them, seem to have for him something of the same sort of authority as religious dogma. In the whole of Mr. Baker's two volumes, I cannot remember a single passage, not merely among Wilson's public utterances, but in his letters and diaries themselves, where he represents himself for a moment as influenced by anything other than the highest and purest motives. He never admits a personal resentment or an impulse of frivolity, a spiritual or physical distemper: he never calculates anything for interest; he will barely admit that he is writing a book or delivering a lecture because he is badly in need of money. I can see no reason, therefore, to suppose that Wilson was ever consciously hypocritical. Yet this persistent refusal to admit any of the accidents of our common humanity is the most unsympathetic feature of his character. Why are we a little unpleasantly affected by Wilson's repudiation, in New Jersey, of the bosses who had supported him in his campaign for governor? Grover Cleveland did much the same thing, but it is always cited as an example of his honesty, instead of his bad faith. The fact is that it is the way in which Wilson expresses himself that irritates us—it is his moral indignation: it is his inability to accept realistically the fact that he is himself a practical politician playing the political game. Why, again, are we inevitably more shocked by certain of Wilson's prevarications, by his denial, for example, in his conference with the Senate committee, that he had ever heard of the Treaty of London—than we are by, say, Bismarck's falsification of the Ems telegram? Simply because Bismarck knows what he is doing and accepts the moral consequences; that is the way in which he chooses to meet life; he has never pre-

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tended otherwise. But Wilson has pretended, and does pretend, otherwise: he appears to pretend even to himself.

The great handicap of this Puritan culture was, of course, its limited scope and its isolation from the world. Wilson knew little of the arts; he was neither widely nor profoundly read: he had little real intellectual curiosity; and he was never, as we shall see, able to appreciate or respect the points of view of worldly people. The characteristic mode of self-expression of the society in which Wilson grew up was the Protestant sermon; and Wilson became a master of the sermon: he was essentially, to the end of his life, not a philosopher, but a preacher; and he had only so much learning, and did only so much intellectual work, as is necessary for a preacher. He understood very well, however, in what his genius consisted: he was conscious even of his limitations. It is surprising, in reading this biography, to find how early and how exclusively he is preoccupied with public speaking. By the time he has graduated from Princeton and from the law school of the University of Virginia, by the time he has tried practising law and given it up after a year, though he goes to study politics at Johns Hopkins, he does not think of himself as a scholar or even as a writer: he knows that he is neither of these things and rebels against the kind of apprenticeship to which he finds himself articled. Neither does he want to be a politician: the politics of the time appal him: they seem to him to belong to the order of a different planet from that on which he lives. His father has hoped he would enter the Church; and, though by some accident of temperament only in the field of public affairs, it is as an inspirational speaker that he sets out to perfect himself. In this purpose he is magnificently successful. Making speeches was the thing he did best, the thing, indeed, which he did supremely well. In reading his published addresses, we are irritated by the vagueness of the language and the unctuousness of the rhetoric. But Wilson's delivery was more distinguished than his style. Even when his language was bafflingly evasive or insipidly florid, his voice remained quiet, well mannered and peculiarly distinct, with an edge that made his words seem incisive. He had just enough of a southern accent and a manner learned in the South to make one forget his square face and stiff bulk in a certain grace and ease; and, save when the subject of a dreaded opponent pressed the stop of some querulous note of the schoolmaster or the parson, a certain agreeable persuasiveness. He gave the impression of burning zeal and deep conviction, under imperturbable control. Maynard Keynes, in his account of the Peace Conference, has given an admirable description of Wilson's qualities: "He had no plan," he says, "no scheme, no constructive ideas whatever for clothing with the flesh of life the commandments which he had thundered from the White House. He could have preached a sermon on any of them or have addressed a stately prayer to the Almighty for their fulfillment; but he could not frame their concrete application to the actual state of Europe."

One must not, however, make it appear that Wilson—especially in his student days—was nothing better than a facile evangelist. The young man who emerges from the letters and the memoirs of the first volume of this Life is an attractive and impressive figure. Stiff, earnest, a little pompous, pursuing his career with a Scotch egoism and gravity, he is none the less sympathetic by reason of his very seriousness and of the dissatisfactions and self-scrutinies of which his letters at this time are full. He already knows his strength, but he is poor and his opportunities seem limited. He had sworn, at Princeton, with a classmate, to a "solemn covenant" that they should "school all our powers and passions for the work of establishing the principles we held in common; that we would acquire knowledge that we might have power; and that we would drill ourselves in all the arts of persuasion, but especially in oratory, that we might have facility in leading others into our ways of feeling and enlisting them in our purposes." "It was not so long ago," he writes to his fiancée from Johns Hopkins, "but that I can still feel the glow and the pulsations of the hopes and the purposes of that moment." He desperately envies a friend who is studying in Germany: he plans, at one time, to go there himself. He is urged by another friend to take steps to have his name put forward for an Assistant Secretaryship of State: "the office is not much in demand by politicians and Mr. Bayard, who likes gentlemanly, scholarly associates, is finding it hard to fill. . . . . Don't you pity me, with my old political longings thus set throbbing again?" But he knows of no one to recommend him, and he is obliged to give up the hope. He produces, at twenty-nine and while still a student at Johns Hopkins, the best of all his books, a book, indeed, quite out of the class of his subsequent ones. The young author of "Congressional Government" is, within the limited scope of his field, a very intelligent man and, so far as his subject admits it, an excellent writer; he has made an original and realistic study in political history, and the immediacy of his success is dramatic. But even this sudden and brilliant success fails to allay his restlessness. He is excessively shy: he has already a reputation as an accomplished public speaker and as a singer on college glee clubs, but it is difficult for him to meet people, and when he does so, he does not seem closely to apprehend them. He is so much more interested in himself. He is lonely, repressed, and uneasy.

During his year of law practice, however, he has fallen in love. He has gone, on business of his mother's, to visit an uncle in Rome, Georgia, and he there meets Ellen Axson, the daughter of the minister of the First Presbyterian Church: "her grandfather, the 'great Axson,' was pastor of the

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famous Independent Presbyterian Church of Savannah." Wilson's own description of this incident, in a letter to his wife, is worth quoting at length: it is so characteristic of the social atmosphere which surrounds him in his youth, which gives its color to his whole character. "The first time I saw your face to note it was in church one morning during the first of my last spring's visits to Rome—in April, wasn't it? You wore a heavy crêpe veil, and I remember thinking 'what a bright, pretty face; what splendid, mischievous, laughing eyes! I'll lay a wager that this demure little lady has lots of life and fun in her!' And when, after the service (I think it had been a communion service) you spoke to Mrs. Bones, I took another good look at you, and concluded that it would be a very clever plan to inquire your name and seek an introduction. When I learned that this was Miss 'Ellie Lou' Axson, of whom I had heard so often, quite a flood of light was let in on my understanding and I was conscious of having formed a small resolution. I took an early opportunity of calling on the Rev. Mr. Axson. That dear gentleman received me with unsuspecting cordiality and sat down to entertain me under the impression that I had come to see only him. I *had* gone to see him, for I love and respect him and would have gone to see him with alacrity if he had never had a daughter; but I had not gone to see him *alone*. I had not forgotten that face, and I wanted very much to see it again: so I asked rather pointedly after his daughter's health, and he, in some apparent surprise, summoned you to the parlor. Do you remember? —and do you remember the topic of conversation? how your father made me 'tackle' that question that was so much too big for me, 'Why have night congregations grown so small?' " They go on long walks and boat-rides and picnics together. She talks to him about George Eliot, about Wordsworth and Browning; she paints, and she tells him about painting. He has never occupied himself with these things, and it is as if she has thrown open a new world to him: he has been refreshed from a richer mind and a more sensitive temperament. Six months afterwards, they are engaged, and he has already become deeply dependent on her sympathy and her responsive imagination, as he is to remain all his life. Their home is, in most respects, just such a home as that in which he has found her, just such a home as that from which he comes. Mrs. Wilson, who, outside her household, seems to have commanded so little attention, who was overwhelmed by the social responsibilities of Princeton and Washington, devoted herself to her husband's career and to a sort of intensive family culture with all the energy of her original idealism. She is even said to have played the role of a determining influence in some of Wilson's political decisions. The Wilson home was an abode of old-fashioned sweetness and light of a not undistinguished quality; but it was firmly disciplined and bounded. The books, for example, which the young ladies were allowed to read were sternly censored. Wilson's marriage had been for him a growth, a great illumination, one of the major events of his life; yet it was a growth and illumination which took place entirely within the confines of the Presbyterian world where he was born.

II

One of the most striking features of Wilson's early life which Mr. Baker's biography has brought to light is his passion for framing constitutions and drawing up programs: as a boy in Atlanta, he provided a set of rules for a club which met in the hayloft, and at Davidson, at Princeton, at Virginia, at Johns Hopkins and at Wesleyan, he reorganized the college debating societies and turned them, in every case, into something of an almost parliamentary impressiveness. This was always the department of college activity which interested him most. He would arrive, in a very short time gravitate to the head of the society, then with enormous enthusiasm and energy proceed completely to make it over: he would frame a new set of rules and purposes, which would be laid before the other members with great eloquence and force, and adopted with the utmost eagerness; the society would embark upon a new period of popularity and interest; then Wilson would pass on elsewhere. This becomes the type of his activity everywhere, and even as sponsor of the Fourteen Points. He can draw up a fine luminous program and he can get it accepted by an eloquent speech. Much beyond this he cannot go. When he has successfully accomplished this, he does not apply himself to the details or the machinery by which his proposals are to be put into effect. He can only draw up a new set of proposals and repeat the previous performance.

One must not, however, imply that this particular kind of action for which Wilson had so much genius was useless or ineffective. It did not take them long in New Jersey, after he had ceased to be governor, to pull the teeth of the bills which he had passed. But, at Princeton, his policies were important and the edifice based upon them endures to this day. Wilson, indeed, probably deserves most of the credit for rescuing Princeton from its extreme disorganization and demoralization during Patton's administration in the nineties: whatever is sound in the college today was established under Wilson. As a member of the faculty, he was a stimulating and popular lecturer; but his classes did not do much work. Wilson had himself little or no real passion for learning; and his course was known as a "gut," that is, an easy course. But, once he was elected president, he found himself—and for, perhaps, the first time in his life—with an appropriate field for his powers. The faculty was at that time directly appointed by the president. Wilson cleared out the dead wood among the professors with his

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characteristic combination of radiant enthusiasm and ruthlessness; and even got rid of two trustees who had been involved in an insurance scandal. He then picked out and appointed new professors, with a judgment which today seems singularly sound; and got from the trustees an appropriation for fifty younger instructors to be added to the faculty and known as "preceptors," whose function was not to lecture or to hold classes in the ordinary sense, but by meeting the students semi-informally, to supervise and encourage them in their work. Wilson was perhaps never more happily inspired than during these early days as president of Princeton. Many of the professors whom he brought there still remain, and they are now among the most distinguished figures of the university. Men who first came as preceptors under Wilson say that they have never, in the American educational world, seen so much enthusiasm in any other place. Wilson was not, however, quite so triumphantly infallible as Mr. Baker represents him. He had his characteristic mistaken obstinacies and errors of judgment. The department of modern languages, for example, was at that time in a rudimentary state; but Wilson did not much believe in modern languages: he had little German and less French, and used to quote with satisfaction a saying of Walter Bagehot to the effect that "a Frenchman can say anything, but has nothing to say." When the department was being reorganized, Wilson insisted upon dictating—and without allowing any discussion on the part of the instructors themselves—impossible courses of reading in those languages with which he himself was so unfamiliar that he was able to be skeptical as to the importance of their literatures. The students, with their inadequate preparation, were unable to cope with these assignments, and the department, in the course of time, was forced quietly to abandon Wilson's program and evolve one of its own. It was characteristic of him at Princeton, as it was afterwards at the Peace Conference, that he should have shown himself as autocratic in dealing with departments of whose work he knew nothing as with those of which he had had some experience.

What follows is extremely interesting, and affords a curiously complete parallel with Wilson's successes and failures at Washington. We become aware, in Mr. Baker's biography, of a feature of Wilson's character which appears plainly in his early letters and which produces at Princeton its first tragic disaster. Wilson is a man of enormous energy, who is always restless when he is not acting and who is capable of only one way of acting—the way that I have indicated above. Once he has succeeded in securing the adoption of one program, he must pass on to another. This appears strikingly in his writings of this period. Princeton, he complains, is not yet perfect, it is not yet an ideal university. How could he have expected it to become one overnight—with the establishment of the preceptorial system, or of any other system? It is quite plain that the true reason for Wilson's anxiety is to be found in his incapacity for satisfying himself by any occupation except his own peculiar kind of statesmanship. Except for politics, he is neither learned nor interested in the subjects taught in universities; and in respect to politics, he would rather be an actor than a student. He cannot sit patiently for a time and supervise the life of the college. He lays about him for another constructive proposal, and finds it in the social system. We here encounter for the first time a charge which is often to be brought against Wilson in his subsequent career—that of reversing his position. It is true that Wilson reversed his views on many social and political questions: we may certainly object to the tone of righteous indignation with which he denounces opponents who are merely holding today opinions which Wilson himself has held yesterday. But we should, I believe, be entirely mistaken in supposing that expediency played anything other than a contributory role among the considerations which moved him. It was simply that Wilson, whose intelligence was not at all subtle or far-reaching, was capable of thinking only about one or two things at a time: when he did think about anything, however, he thought in the right direction. He had not so much ideas as divinations, which came forthwith to seem to him self-evident. In this case, it is true—what Mr. Baker fails to mention—that Wilson had contributed a preface to a handbook of Princeton in which he had written with his customary unctuousness of the incorruptibly democratic character of Princeton life. He sees now, however, that the clubs are a menace: they break the college up into cliques, and they foster snobbishness. He proposes a different system of social units, which shall be established and controlled by the university. The students and the unmarried professors shall be allotted both to live and to eat in buildings each of which is to provide a center at once social and academic. The clubs are to be abolished.

The writer of the present review is certainly no defender of the clubs. He believes Wilson's instinct about them to have been sound. They are, without question, the most undesirable of Princeton institutions—not so much because they are snobbish: some sort of snobbishness seems inevitable and is probably valuable; but because they are dull. Nothing interesting is ever done in them: the students simply eat their meals there and occasionally give house-parties over the week-ends. They are not even allowed to live in them, as is the case with fraternities. Movements are periodically put on foot—and on the part of the students themselves—to get rid of them or to transform them into something more dignified. They have always constituted a great force of inertia which has blocked the intellectual development of the university. Yet they are so enormous in bulk, and represent such a formidable investment, that it has, so far, been impossible to dislodge them. There is, however, an-

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other element to be considered in connection with the clubs. In spite of their gigantic heaviness and emptiness, they have inevitably become identified with that peculiar idyllic quality which endears Princeton to its inhabitants. It is difficult to describe this quality solidly, but it has something to do with the view from Prospect Street, from the back piazzas of the clubs, over the damp, dim New Jersey lowlands, and with the singular feeling of freedom which refreshes the alumnus from an American city when he goes back to Prospect Street into what seems infinite freedom and space and realizes that he can lounge, read or drink as he pleases, dress anyhow or go anywhere, without anyone's questioning him. Now it was not Wilson's policy about the social system which was ill-advised: it was his methods which were tactless. In the spring of 1907, he put his proposals before the Board of Trustees, introducing them with a speech which those who heard it describe as one of the most eloquent he ever made. The Board responded almost unanimously and voted some sort of resolution of approval. How far this resolution was supposed to go is a subject of controversy, but it is probable that the Trustees, for the most part, regarded themselves as voting merely a general endorsement of the principles which Wilson had suggested. He had brought forward no plausible plan for putting these principles into practice: he had not discussed the problem of expense. Presumably, they were authorizing him merely to prepare a more detailed program. Wilson, however, composed and sent out a memorandum to the clubs.

It was Commencement and these institutions were holding their annual banquets. Wilson caused his memorandum to be read at the banquets. Mr. Baker fails to show this incident in its true significance. His language about the memorandum suggests that he must be aware of its having been open to objection, but, quoting from it only a few sentences, he does not make it possible for his readers to understand its effect. The night of these club banquets was, until recently, at Princeton an occasion of peculiar ceremonies and supreme conviviality. The freshmen, who have been excluded from Prospect Street, are now, for the first time, allowed to see it. Late in the evening, they form a parade, and, with red fire and Roman candles, they march down between the rows of clubs. When the men at the banquets hear the singing and the tramping, they rush out with glasses of champagne and offer the freshmen drinks: the more prominent members of the class are toasted. At the same time, the newly elected sophomores feel, for the first time, that they are established in the club: they have entered the haven of content. And the alumni have returned with something of that feeling of exhilaration and relief which I have tried to describe above, and no doubt, also, with that touching need for loyalty—a loyalty far in excess of the worthiness or interest of its object—which, in a country so poor in institutions that may with dignity command men's loyalty, pours itself out on the commercial boosting of cities, on lodges and Rotary Clubs. It was this moment which Wilson chose for communicating to the clubs a memorandum which gave the effect of an edict, which seemed intended to break to them the news that they were summarily to be disbanded, and which even went so far as to suggest that they appoint trustees into whose hands "each club would vest its property," with the purpose of melting it up in the unfamiliar "quad" system. If Wilson had deliberately sought to discover a strategic move which would render a maximum of alumni opinion antagonistic to his policy, he could not have acted otherwise. The undergraduates and the alumni—many of them, no doubt, drunk—must have felt as if their delightful houses were being snatched from over their very heads, and that at the moment when they loved them most dearly; that their good-fellowship was receiving an affront. In any case, they did not delay to bring pressure to bear on the trustees, and the trustees, astonished and frightened, "reconsidered" their resolution. It is quite probable that, if Wilson had gone about the matter more patiently, and with sufficient sense of the foolish attachments which people form for scenes and institutions associated with convivial memories, he would have caused his policy to be adopted. At that time, almost everyone was in favor of it—even those, like Mr. Pyne, who afterwards opposed it. But he had never estimated the high exhilaration of fun and freedom which he had not hesitated to blight: he had had no experience of that sort of thing himself—just as they had never known the ecstasy of moral conviction, of the triumph of the personal will which knows also that it "conquers in this sign," of the shaping of great institutions from the palaces, the wretched coops, of the children of this world.

There appears, however, at Princeton, another element which Wilson begins presently to find unassimilable—the only man, apparently, in the university, sufficiently ambitious, sufficiently persistent, sufficiently self-confident and independent to put up a formidable resistance. If it had not been for Andrew West, a professor in the classics department, it is probable that Wilson would have won, even over the recalcitrance of the alumni. Now it is possible to entertain only a moderate opinion of West, either as scholar or as educator. But it seems plain that he, too, derived a certain strength from an educational ideal, and that his collision with Wilson—a collision fatal to the latter—occurred partly as a result of Wilson's inability to understand or sympathize with this ideal. For West, also, had his *idée fixe,* but it was an idea of another kind. He was possessed by an overmastering vision which was based, to some extent at least, on the ideals of classical humanism: he had imagined a super-graduate school, a withdrawn yet luxurious resort for an aristocracy of scholars, with

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"dreaming spires" "whispering the last enchantments of the Middle Ages" in the midst of the American golf links, with dons in gowns having dinner on a dais under a sumptuous stained glass window and a magnificent organ loft; of a place fairly deliquescent with Oxonian Gothic beauty. All that was admirable in this vision Wilson probably did not understand; its vices were only too plain to him. And, what was probably more important, he resented another powerful egoism which had somehow got into his sphere of influence. In the early stages of his career as president, he treats West with great respect: he writes a preface to a prospectus for the graduate school, smoothly commending the project; and when West is offered the presidency of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Wilson requests him to remain at Princeton, giving him an assurance that, if he will stay, he shall presently have his desire. West remains, and supports Wilson's policies. When the quad system is proposed, however, West becomes anxious; and when Wilson appears to be acting beyond his authority, he is furious. If the reforms are put into effect, they are certain to be expensive. And if the trustees undertake to supply the money, how will the graduate school be built? There seems no doubt that, in respect to the graduate school, West had a just grievance: he felt that he had received a pledge from Wilson, that he had stayed at Princeton on the strength of that pledge, and that the pledge had not been redeemed. Grover Cleveland, who has come to Princeton to live, partly by reason of his friendship with West, and who has been made a member of the Board of Trustees, sympathizes with his friend. He believes, moreover, that he has himself had evidence of Wilson's treachery. Now Mr. Baker makes no attempt to state or study the case against Wilson. All this, which is the crux of the controversy, he systematically evades: he says that Wilson was accused of "bad faith," but he does not say how or why. The truth was, undoubtedly, that Wilson, who had already found himself and West in bitter opposition, had become so exaltedly preoccupied with his own projects that he was able to forget all his ordinary obligations, and had simply brushed West and his graduate school aside. He could not believe that they were important; and he was able to convince himself that, in matters of no importance, it was not important to keep one's word.

The whole conflict now passes into a phase extremely unedifying on either side—a phase which presents great difficulties for Mr. Baker. A Mrs. Swann has left a bequest for a graduate school, which, according to the terms of her will, is to be erected on the campus. Ralph Adams Cram, the supervising architect at Princeton, has designated a site. West, however, who has succeeded, to Wilson's not unfounded alarm, at an early stage of the proceedings in securing a free hand for the future in everything connected with the graduate school, so that it shall be completely independent of the university, and who even proposes to collect the students' fees through a separate treasurer's office—now insists upon having the new college erected at some distance from the campus. He is balked by the terms of the will, but he soon secures another bequest on the opposite condition. Wilson is handed, without warning, a letter from W. C. Procter, a graduate of Princeton and the manufacturer of Ivory Soap: in this letter, Procter announces to West that he is prepared to give half a million dollars for the proposed graduate school, if West can raise half a million more; but that he has examined the site on the campus selected by Ralph Adams Cram and that he does not consider it suitable: his offer is only conditional upon some other site's being chosen. Wilson, who, though president of the university, has not been notified by Mr. Procter of the latter's visit to Princeton with the purpose of selecting a site for a graduate school, not unnaturally resents this action. He holds, however, a very strong card in the terms of Mrs. Swann's will, and he attempts to play this card. He calls upon Procter in New York and proposes to him that, since it seems impossible to arrive at an agreement, two graduate schools be erected—one, with Mrs. Swann's money, on the campus; the other, with Procter's, on the golf links. This proposal is, of course, preposterous, and Wilson counts on Procter's capitulating to the terms of Mrs. Swann's will. Procter, however, remains obstinate; and Wilson sits down in the Jersey City Station and writes out to Mr. Pyne a note announcing his resignation as president of the university. When the Board of Trustees meet again at the beginning of the next year (1910), the opposition plays a trick on Wilson. Unsuspectingly he attends a meeting of the graduate school committee: he is confronted with a letter from Procter in which the latter pretends to accept the proposal which Wilson has just sponsored—a proposal which had never been intended as anything but a *reductio ad absurdum*. Wilson loses his temper, and for the first time blurts out the truth, that the site of the graduate school is really immaterial: "we could make this school a success anywhere in Mercer County!" The trouble is that Princeton is not large enough to hold him and West both. It is characteristic of him, however, that, instead of saying merely "Dean West and I seem to have irreconcilably conflicting ideas," or something of the sort, he should declare that "Dean West's ideas and ideals are not the ideas and ideals of Princeton!" The controversy is now at its height; the whole community is divided into factions. At last, Dean West secures a third bequest: another rich alumnus dies, making West his executor and leaving the graduate school a sum then reported as ten million dollars. The trustees accept it with joy; and Wilson, who has in the meantime received overtures from the New Jersey politicians, resigns with relief.

In the course of these Princeton controversies,

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Wilson, from whose semi-prophetic point of view everyone who was not with him was against him, who, as has been said of him by one of his own supporters, seemed incapable of understanding that "intellectual error is innocent"—has behaved toward his opponents with the harshest bitterness. He has been on intimate terms with Hibben; but Hibben has voted against the quad system, and Wilson now drops him and cuts him—as he is afterwards to do with so many other allies who venture to disagree with him. When he becomes President of the United States and returns to Princeton to vote, Mr. Hibben, then president of the university, goes to the station to receive him; but Wilson refuses to speak to him, turns his back and walks away. There was in all this a passionate pride, which was also at the root of Wilson's greatness: "I am proud and wilful beyond all measure," he writes to his fiancée, while he is still a student at Johns Hopkins. This pride was a part of his strength; but Wilson presented in an extreme form one of the peculiar paradoxes of the Puritan temperament: he was, at the same time, obdurate and ruthless, and extremely thin-skinned. He was too sensitive to criticism; he was too resentful and suspicious toward his opponents; and he was therefore unable to deal with either except by overriding them. During the days after the War, he repeated on a larger stage the whole tragedy of Princeton, with Lodge in the role of West, the League of Nations for the quad system, and the Senate for the Princeton trustees. It is possible to observe in certain lives, where superior abilities are united with serious deficiencies, not the steady progress toward a goal or the continuous development which we ordinarily expect in the great, but a curve plotted out many times and always turning from some flight of achievement toward a steep descent of failure. Casanova's is such a life: his memoirs show again and again the same triumph of impudence and cunning as well as of fine imagination and intelligence, followed soon by the detection of an imposture which discredits and eclipses the whole man. Wilson's career was, also, such a case.

If I have dwelt at length on Wilson's weaknesses, it is not for lack of admiration, but in the attempt to correct Mr. Baker's bias, which has obscured some of the elements in Wilson's story. It may, in general, be said that public enthusiasm for Wilson, after having reached, at the time of the War, such astonishing proportions, has, not merely since his death, but since his compromise at Versailles and his collapse after his return to America, been at a very low ebb. And this is also true of the intelligentsia, who are excessively afraid of taking him seriously. Yet, in the complete bankruptcy of political idealism which has followed his presidency, as in the timidity and inertia toward which American university life is always tending, we may find it salutary to do him honor, and we may read many less profitable books than Mr. Baker's Life. In any case, we shall do extremely ill to fall in with that cowardice and ignorance of public opinion, which, after having for years exalted Wilson, despite all his errors and sins—when he broke down, derided and forgot him, for all his heroic audacity and his genius for leadership.

EDMUND WILSON.

Germany Insures Her Workers

COMMENTATORS have been quick to seize upon the fact that German indorsement of compulsory jurisdiction by the World Court comes from the most distinctly nationalist government to hold power in the Reich since the birth of the republic. It is, perhaps, of even greater significance, though less widely heralded, that this same predominantly conservative administration on October 1 inaugurated the most ambitious scheme of state-operated unemployment insurance yet attempted in any nation. One notes the signature of aged President von Hindenburg on the new law with the feeling that it may be honored there long after his orders of the day at the Masurian Lakes have been forgotten.

Seven months of committee hearings and many revisions of the original text intervened between the introduction of the unemployment-insurance bill in the Reichstag last December, and its passage, by a vote of 356 to 63, on July 7. Wisely it was decided that a measure of such magnitude, insuring some eighteen million wage-earners against the involuntary loss of employment, should not be launched until Germany had worked her way out of the depression resultant upon the stabilization of her currency and the consequent acute shortage of capital. With the reduction, by July, of the total numbers drawing unemployment doles to under 700,000, the time seemed ripe for the transfer of relief to a more scientific basis. It is a notable tribute both to the underlying economic strength and the practical social idealism of Germany that this change should be effected less than nine years after the close of a war which saw the country so ruthlessly penalized.

The conception of unemployment as an industrial hazard which can be insured against as readily as fire, theft, disability, accident, or other contingencies, is neither recent nor exclusively a German development. Certain British trade unions have endeavored to protect their members in this manner for several generations. It is now more than a

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quarter of a century since the municipal authorities of Ghent started to subsidize trade-union unemployment funds in that Belgian town, thereby inaugurating what is known as "the Ghent system"—a policy of local government aid which has been widely copied elsewhere in continental Europe. Compulsory unemployment-insurance as a function of central government was first inaugurated in Great Britain in 1911. The new German law, in short, is not a pioneering venture. It is, in many respects, frankly imitative of the British system. Its importance lies partly in that very fact—in the indication that a method of dealing with unemployment deemed essential by both Great Britain and Germany cannot long be ignored by other highly industrialized states. And partly, the importance of the German law is found in the interesting innovations and improvements on British practice which it introduces.

As to the intrinsic desirability of unemployment insurance, there is no longer much dispute, though there is a good deal of disagreement over methods, and over the issue as to whether development in this field should be forced by law. Aside from the obvious value of the device in alleviating, without any stigma of charity, the anxiety and demoralization of unemployment, the following arguments in its favor deserve consideration.

Unemployment insurance has a positive, though unmeasurable effect in steadying the business cycle, and making the transition from "boom" to "depression" less pronounced. If small sums are periodically set aside in behalf of the employed worker, and considerably larger benefits periodically made available to him when he is out of work, his purchasing power will tend to be constant in spite of trade irregularities. The more universal the unemployment-insurance program, the more definite this effect, with its corollary: that trade depressions, in which fluctuations of purchasing power are so large a factor, will become less pronounced. This thesis is the opposite of that underlying instalment buying, which encourages not retrenchment but extravagance in times of prosperity.

The new German law meets the desideratum of universality, making unemployment insurance compulsory for all manual workers, as well as for non-manual workers whose annual income is under $1,500. Under the English system, domestic servants and agricultural workers are not insurable. The only important exemption in the German program is for those agricultural workers able to support themselves from the land they occupy. It is estimated that compulsory saving under the German unemployment-insurance law will amount to something over $3,000,000 a week, when employment is good. A really large reserve spending power will thus become available when the tendency is toward business contraction.

The second major argument for unemployment insurance is akin to that so relentlessly emphasized to "prospects" by our life-insurance agents. A small financial sacrifice provides protection far beyond the scope of individual savings. The individual contribution to the state-managed unemployment fund in Germany is at the outset fixed at 3 percent of the basic wage of the insured person, half of this sum being paid by the employer with respect to each insured employee, and half deducted from the pay envelope of the latter. The benefit is also to be a definite proportion of the wage of the insured person, varying from 75 percent in the case of the most poorly-paid workers, to 35 percent as a minimum. Allowances for dependents may increase these benefits to as much as 80 percent of normal wage in the worst-paid groups, and to 60 percent in the groups where the normal wage is regarded as high. The insured person becomes eligible for benefit one week after losing employment, provided he has paid twenty-six contributions to the fund during the preceding year. He may then draw benefit for a maximum period of twenty-six weeks, extended to thirty-nine weeks in special circumstances.

One sees at a glance that the most drastic individual economy cannot furnish anything like the same amount of protection for the "rainy day" of unemployment. Take the modest and by no means exceptional case of a German worker who earns twelve dollars a week, but is subject to six weeks of seasonal unemployment a year. His annual earnings are $552. If he is to have half of his regular income available during the period of compulsory unemployment, he must, during the other forty-six weeks, save $36 for that purpose alone. This means the setting aside of 6.5 percent of his wages, week in and week out, a proportion which few workers' budgets will permit. Under the national unemployment-insurance scheme, on the other hand, a saving of 1.5 percent of his weekly wage will provide him with half of his normal earnings not merely for six weeks, but, if necessary, for twenty-six or more weeks of unemployment per annum.

The steadying social effect of the German unemployment-insurance scheme is another factor stressed by its proponents. Paternalistic it may be, although, in contradistinction to the British system, the State makes no contribution to the unemployment fund, built up entirely by the employers and the workers. But it is paternalistic in a way which encourages reasoned confidence in and support of the existing social order. In general, "big business" strongly welcomes, and the German communists as pronouncedly resent, this "socialistic" development.

Does unemployment insurance, to any appreciable extent, encourage the occurrence insured against? If so, it is unique in its family. The part which life insurance companies have played in aiding longevity is well known. It is asserted that fire insurance has in the past generation resulted in measures which have prevented two-thirds of the fire losses to have been expected without this de-

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velopment. Where workers are insured against accidents, there are fewer accidents. Close students of the subject firmly believe that, wherever tried, unemployment insurance is also tending to diminish the risk of unemployment. Employers who are financially interested in such schemes are found to concern themselves first with methods for stabilizing employment in their own plants, and then with the whole problem of unemployment as a national concern. The German law encourages individual initiative to this end, treating the government program as a minimum, and permitting any employer with an unemployment-insurance program more favorable to his employees to obtain exemption from its provisions.

An almost indispensable adjunct of government-operated unemployment insurance is a national system of public employment exchanges where the validity of involuntary unemployment may be tested. Such employment exchanges (*Arbeitsnachweise*) have a history in Germany dating from the nineties of the last century, and there, more than in Great Britain, the personnel in charge have developed a most efficient technique in the matching of applicant and job. This is important because, without confidence in the ability of the exchanges to furnish the type of labor wanted, the average employer does not willingly utilize their services. And without complete coöperation of employers, the whole idea of the exchange system breaks down. In order to be eligible for benefit, the unemployed insured person must be registered at his local exchange and available for direction to such suitable vacancies as may be reported there. It follows that a compulsory notification of vacancies by employers would be the natural complement to the present virtually compulsory registration of unemployed. This step, which has been contemplated in Germany for some time and is now under serious consideration, would not obligate the employer to take on applicants forwarded by the exchanges. But it would furnish the exchanges certain knowledge of the state of the employment market, and would reduce to negligible proportions the risk of fraudulent claims to unemployment-insurance benefit.

Ill fortune has forced both Great Britain and Germany to take the problem seriously, and though the disease is still far from being eradicated, the thirty million insured wage-earners in those two countries are at least protected against its worst effects. Our own economic thought has been more concerned with the indirect prevention of unemployment than with its relief. Good fortune, rather than our vaunted individualism, has permitted a *laissez-faire* attitude. Yet, as this remarkable German law goes into effect, signs are not lacking that even in the United States the period of mid-Victorian indifference towards scientific unemployment relief is drawing to its close.

FELIX MORLEY.

Washington Notes

AS THIS is being written, Washington is rapidly getting cluttered up with returning statesmen. By the time it is printed, they will all be here, and a few days later the great show will open. As I consider this session of the Seventieth Congress, it seems to me likely to be one of singular futility and great foolishness. In the Coolidge administration, each session so far has seemed to me to reach new heights of hebetude; but this one, I believe, will go beyond all previous records. If there is any semblance of coherent thought on any public or political question in either party, or in any faction of either party, up to date it has been most successfully concealed. Where this session seems to me to promise to bog down more completely than preceding ones, so far as results of any sort are concerned, is in the Senate. I say this not only because the Republican party has merely a paper majority of one in that body and no real majority at all, but because I have never known a time when Senate discipline was so lax in the two parties and the power to keep together so conspicuously lacking in the alleged leaders on both sides.

So far as the Republicans are concerned, there are several quite clear reasons why there will be less cohesion and more futility this time than last. One, of course, is the fact that it is a presidential-election year and, since the noble Calvin renounced the renomination, thus throwing the field open, presidential aspirants, both open and secret, have multiplied in the Republican ranks. A considerable number of these seem to the casual eye ridiculous enough, but they exist, nevertheless; there are at least a dozen Republican Senators who are candidates at this moment for the presidential or vice-presidential nomination or both. Some of them are still unsuspected save by close observers, but their aspirations are, none the less, real. This fact alone makes it clear that the session will be largely devoted to presidential politics rather than legislative achievement, particularly when it is added that there are almost as many Democratic Senators who have their presidential and vice-presidential dreams, and more than one among the progressives. To make matters worse on the Republican side, their official floor leader, Mr. Curtis of Kansas, has suddenly blossomed out as a full-fledged, bona fide presidential candidate. It might be different if Senator Curtis were a strong leader, a man of the Aldrich or Penrose or Hanna type, with a real grip on his party and real power in his hand. But he isn't. On the contrary, it is not worth while disguising the fact that, as a leader, he comes pretty close to being a net loss.

I do not recall, in a long experience here, a more pathetic exhibition than occurred last March when he, the party leader, vainly appealed to three regular organization Senators whom he was supposed to lead—Reed of Pennsylvania, Moses of New Hampshire and Phipps of Colorado—to call off a disastrous and senseless filibuster that made a joke out of the party organization, crippled some of the most vital departments in the government, and put the administration and Mr. Coolidge in a position that ought to have been both embarrassing and hurtful—

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would have been, were he less of a symbol and more of a force. If Senator Curtis could not hold his regulars in line last time with a President back of him who, everybody conceded, was sure to be renominated, what will his leadership amount to with the President on his way out of office and he himself an avowed presidential aspirant? What it will amount to is, obviously, nothing at all. What it will mean is that the majority party in the Senate will be more impotent and leaderless than we have seen it in a long time. Ordinarily, such a situation would give the minority party and the progressives a splendid opportunity. Ordinarily, you would think that this was a situation made to order for them, that, when the Senate convenes, they would seize the reins and run things. So they would, if there were any unity of thought among them. But distinctly there is not. On the Democratic side, between presidential candidates and cranks, the party in the Senate will be split in many different directions, and the small jealousies and bitterness, so marked at the last session, will be greatly enhanced because of the approach of the national convention. On prohibition, on farm relief, on Boulder Dam, on taxation, on candidates, there will be almost as many different views among the Democrats as there are Democrats. It is a curious party, these days, blind, besotted, negatious. They will hold together reasonably well, I think, under the Jim Reed leadership on the Vare and Smith fights, but on nothing else—and even on that, I hear that some of them are determined to put forth certain constitutional constructions of their own, likely to aid and comfort the unfortunate, but not to help those who think a Senator ought to have reasonably clean hands before he holds one of them up to take the Senate oath. It is sometimes hard to remember just who is the titular Democratic floor leader these days—it is Senator Robinson of Arkansas, I believe—but in any event, they did not follow him last year and they are less likely to do it next. With Reed and Walsh, Glass and Simmons, Bruce and the other Walsh, what chance has Robinson to lead anyone? And besides, he, too, is a presidential aspirant.

As to the progressives—the Borah-Norris group—if there is any greater clearness of thought or purpose among them, any more promise of unity and force than among either of the old parties, they have given no evidence of it up to the present. Some of them are for Lowden, some of them are against him. Some of them are for the McNary-Haugen Bill, some, like Borah, are against it. They are divided on prohibition, water power, agriculture and candidates. Theoretically, they ought to hold the balance of power in a Senate almost evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans. The split condition of the regulars in both parties would measurably take away that advantage, but their own lack of concord would do it anyhow.

Altogether, conditions are such as to make it reasonable to expect the coming session to be one of general confusion, with an unprecedented amount of posing, posturing, bunk and bluster, but almost no concrete achievements at all. Some sort of tax reduction seems inevitable; and regardless of Mr. Mellon, the chances are that the boot will be applied to Mr. Vare and Mr. Smith. But if anything else of a constructive nature is done at this session, I miss my guess. Though when you reflect on it, those two things would be nearly enough to satisfy all save the most exacting.

The thing that bothers me most as I reflect upon the inevitable further weakening of the Curtis leadership, caused by his candidacy and the Coolidge withdrawal, is not that the administration measures, such as they are, will again go into the discard. I can stand that; but I do rather shudder at the opportunity afforded the Senator from Connecticut, Mr. Hiram Bingham, to take over in his elegant way even more of the leadership, duties and prerogatives which require speech on the floor than he did at the last session. Everybody then recognized that Senator Bingham regarded himself as an astute and superior person, capable of handling any situation, that he felt matters would go very much better if everybody, including Senator Curtis, would leave them to him. Toward the last he became the official administration defender. He defended it every day and in every way, and always with an air and an elegance that his colleagues on both sides of the chamber found excessively irritating. Even the almost always good-humored and tolerant Borah was amazed at times, and showed it. What I foresee at this session is a good deal more Bingham than we had before, and that is rather hard to bear.

Last time, one of the severest strains to which the Senators and correspondents were subjected was the frequent forays of Senator Bingham in the Spanish language. A great traveler, at one period of his colorful career, he spent much time in South America, where he learned that tongue. That, however, seemed small reason for speaking it in the Senate. Last summer he spent a lot of time in China—those Chinese have all the luck—and I may as well state now that if he begins mixing Chinese with his Spanish next session, I am going to spend my time, when I go to the Capitol, on the House side, where I can contentedly gaze on the spiritual features of the "Prince of Good Fellows" and think, as he wields the gavel, of what he might be, but won't.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Epstein Exhibition

AS NEWS, the Epstein exhibition is the event of the New York art season; nobody could doubt that. In England this artist, American born of Russian parents, has had the honor to stir up more commotion than any sculptor, good or bad, in a century.

I can remember a presentation of some of Mr. Jacob Epstein's work in London a year or so after the Armistice. There were portraits and there was, larger and more challenging than all, the famous "Christ." I can remember that figure, so gaunt and intense, disproportioned, dramatic, searching and passionate, with its great hands, its misshapen pilgrim feet, its concentrated fanaticism and simple gentleness; and I remember the outcry about it, spoken loudly right and left, but resounding most of all in that medium by which the British soul can best relieve

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itself, those letters to the newspapers, as thick as Milton's leaves at Vallambrosa.

To the bishops and clergymen this piece of sculpture was blasphemous, obscene, revolutionary; to the bourgeois, socialistic; to nice people it was sordid; to gentle sentiment, brutal; to most artists it was perverse and decadent; and to quiet citizens, outrageous. That work of Mr. Epstein's was able to involve the cardinal excitements of the British popular mind, religion, sex and I ask you, is it art?; and exhibited not only the sculptor's great emotional power and technical mastery but also one of his most definite traits, I mean his journalism, his brilliant talent for the mere stirring news and animation of his subject. But there was another side to the matter. His career was also acclaimed. Mr. Epstein met in England, as he might not meet with here, a sense of lasting devotion and loyalty, distinguished championship, and could feel a warm assurance that his art had a living contact to measure itself against, and a fine scorn and affection to be certain of at need.

In America, I doubt if this sculptor will make so much of a hubbub, so much of what might be at least a *succès de scandale,* and for several reasons. We are less of a swarming community of persons, traditions, and beliefs than London, and so less apt to seethe and stew about any idea or style. We are more tolerant toward diverse forms of art, partly because they are often so far from origins native to us that they mean nothing to us very profoundly; partly because we are used to strangers, whether they be races, ideas or institutions; partly because we are less set and less deeply concerned with convictions; partly because we long ever for new movements, fads, sensations, these in their turn to be shortly set aside for those still newer. One may doubt if there has ever been a nation that discovered every season so many of the greatest things in the world and changed them for other greatest things in the world the next season so satisfactorily.

It is true, too, however, that the English objectors had more provocation. To turn loose your style, in all its difference and technical revolution, on a figure of Christ or on the heroes of the War, is quite a different thing from roaming about in the regions of personal vision and abstractions. There were people who liked Mr. Epstein in all his work; people who were able to resent the "Christ" or the heroes but to admire the rest of his sculpture; and people who did not care what he did to the others so long as he let them say what was to be done with those particular subjects that concerned them and their opinions—on the basis of the doctor in Molière who said that if the other doctor would agree to an emetic for this patient, he could give anything he pleased to the next. The New York exhibition is as provocative in any real sense—which is a matter of the art of sculpture and its nature—as that was in London; but the subjects are less immediately challenging; there are only busts and heads, and that one "Madonna and Child," which, after all, has nothing to do with the tradition of the Virgin and is, moreover, made up of personages without haloes and plainly oriental.

On the other hand, again, it is quite likely that in America, if the outcry is less, the sale will be greater. I have never heard that the *succès d'estime* in England has solidified into any imposing plutocracy for this artist. And just here there may be some point in noting that at the back of the catalogue Mr. Epstein has put in his price for every number in the collection. "Peggy Jean Asleep" . . . $1,000; "Marchesa Casati" . . . $1,000; "Tagore"—(boring as he looks and as I sometimes fancy he is)—$2,500; and so on. In an odd way that may comment on this sculptor and his treatment of reality and the facts of the body. The pieces, once completed, the sculptor's soul freed of them, are for sale; money has a part to play in them then; like the saliva in Lucullus' mouth or the oil in Venus' hair, they are best seen in the light of the function each has, and by that given the accent due.

The exhibition at the Feragil Gallery shows Mr. Epstein's later work; it consists of forty-four pieces, all heads, masks or busts except the group of the "Madonna and Child." All are in bronze, some the orthodox bronze color, some in green, some in a superb brass tone like that in many Indian and Chinese sculptures.

To take the entire collection on the same plane would be to miss half the point. Some of it, like the angel or the Madonna, is of the last intensity, some, the "Masque," number 3, for example, relaxed to the charms of design and ornament; some is more or less mere journalism. The head, No. 20, for example, with those foolish, hearty eyes, the curls cut far under in the metal so that they frolic and roll above the round good-tempered forehead and the droll slant of the features, is only elvish reporting. The study for the Duke of Marlborough goes farther; it is a report full of likeness but full also of some deadly truth. That twisted nose and those eyes heavier than what they see; that air of a club bigot, the heavy, proud head, the whole mass of it sitting in a collar, which forms the base and support for the whole—we feel that this, if not seen by the devil, had been better seen so; the devil might have been more sympathetic than those clear, pure, free, intense eyes from which this art arose.

The shock and the poetry of these Epstein portraits at their best proceeds from this purity, intensity and freedom in the artist. What he sees and records may not be the whole truth about the subject, or the truth that we might see, or might desire to haye emphasized. But it is a truth in itself, complete in itself like the completeness of an animal, of a thing in nature like water, a stone, a tree. And this truth that the artist has is seen by him so completely and with such unity that beauty ensues, and is so completely stated in sculptural terms that beauty is created.

I will not say that Mr. Epstein's kind of beauty is always my kind. Sometimes my pleasure in a work of his is not a welcome pleasure; I am excited by something that by nature I would resist. But almost everything in this present exhibition accomplishes its own entity and so defends itself and establishes its life. This completeness is not lessened by the closeness of these sculptures to their models; such actuality in the work is made to intensify the persuasion of the idea or essence that the sculptor has charged it with. In Mr. Epstein's art it is the idea and habit of mind that come first; the school, theory and modernity are secondary matters.

The appeal of the various pieces, is, of course, diverse. As

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for me, I find the "Weeping Woman," No. 21, for instance, convincing and true but ugly; I should not want it around; the woman's portrait, No. 13, beautiful and quivering like Donatello, with the same violent subtlety, poignant surface, and beautiful planes; the "Senegalese," with the off-angle characteristic in every part of the head structure, deeply impressive. "The Marchesa Casati," with its vibrant surface, smeared here and there to change the texture, its Mænad eyes, strong hair, flared nostrils, I find magnificent and tragic, like a Dionysiac mask set on the flux of human life—a fine outline, fine subtlety; a work that is decorative at a distance, terrible and acute in its near detail, modern in emotion, classic and final in its whole.

In the "Madonna and Child," somewhat more than life-size, the Orientalism is marked but compelling, and there is something of Gothic, Byzantine, and Spanish in the general effect. You see a woman seated, with the child standing between her legs, which are set far apart at the hips. Those breasts, those buttocks, knees, that throat, those wrists, those eyes and nostrils are filled all of them with their profound function: the holding, turning, swallowing, child-bearing, suckling, breathing and seeing implied in them, dominate their form and give to the statue in every part something that is serene and alive; abstract in line and mass but concrete in meaning. There is a curious passionate harshness, as if to say that life itself is more important than human beings. And there is a sense of the material, high, exciting substance and workmanship, that seems to say that we require this brass to express and preserve the design that the artist has aroused in our souls.

STARK YOUNG.

Down on the Farm

LONG-LEGGED Henry Detzel dragged himself wearily from bed and looked out in the early gray morning light over the gentle slopes of newly sown wheat that stretched beyond his Kansas farmhouse. The roosters crowed as they stuck their heads against the wire netting of their coops, and the shuffling noise of the cows came from the barn. Henry did not dress. He lit the gas under the coffee pot, and turned on the radio. In staccato, the beat of numbers hit the rafters—1-2-3-4. It was the commands for daily physical exercises broadcast by the Kansas City Y. M. C. A.—Special Farmers' Service Division. Henry stretched again, turned off the radio, and poured out his coffee—it was too cloudy to exercise today. Besides, heavier tasks awaited him. Stretched along the tables were his manuals of accounting and account books, slightly smeared with ink where his weary mind had let fall the pen the previous midnight. He returned to the unsolved problems, and the manual.

Are my profits, if I should make them, profits or wages, or interest on my father-in-law's capital? And if I spend them, are they profits? Are the eggs Mary used to bake cakes for the church sociable last Friday night income or outgo? Under what head did I enter last week the price of that course I took on "What does the Czechoslovak market mean to the farmer?" Does this new course on "How to grow pineapples under water" belong in the same place? Despairingly, he entered it, half under sundries, and half under expenses of management—then thought again and put it all to "Upkeep." Still the totals would not jibe. He had lost more than he had a year ago, and the Kansas City Bank had had that then. Things were going from bad to worse. He was in red ink. That's what the manual said. He must remember to get some red ink next time he went to Kansas City. He'd tried last time, but the shopkeepers said they had sold out the last car-load in a week. Maybe green ink would do just as well. He paused, dropped the books, and went out to the cow-sheds to make sure the cows were being milked. They were. Wearily he returned to his burdens within the house, as he lit his pipe with his income tax return.

An hour later, the noise of a heavy truck backing into the yard caused him to lift his head from his arms. The early morning mail had arrived—the start of the regular day's work. Two strong men lifted the mail bag from the truck and dropped it on the porch with a bang. They put on top of it two special letters on heavy linen stationery. Henry dragged the sack into the house, then opened the letters. Oil had been found in the western part of Montana, and Henry was asked if he did not want to buy one of the adjoining farms. He hardly could. The other letter asked his coöperation in an arts and crafts exhibit at the neighboring university—would he please send an ear of corn?

Henry stooped over the sack and extracted its contents. "Mixed Farming—the Salvation of the Farmers," by the Farming Expert of the Methodist Extension Bureau. "Well," Henry murmured, "I am mixed enough for the present," and put it on top of the pile along the table. Special Household Supplement of Dapler's Weekly on the veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill. Henry opened it, and began to read a speech. He turned the page and lost the speech—the rest had been crowded out of the number by a full-page color puzzle-contest for farm evenings. The editors did not explain this, and Henry was not surprised. He bought this magazine, after all, because of the picture it had once published of Mary's aunt. The next volumes drawn from the sack bore the stamp of our Department of Agriculture. "Black Flea Diseases in Peach Trees," "The Herbaceous Qualities of Grass," "Acorns and Oak Trees," "Nitrogen Mixtures in Liquid Fertilizers," and "Mixed Farming Among the Hindus." Mixed farming again! Henry was irritated. It was all right for those Turks to mix. But Kansas was made for wheat and corn. Henry put aside the treatise on "Acorns and Oak Trees" for his daughter, who was studying American poetry, and returned to his sack. He pulled out a dainty brochure on "Preserved Orange Peels" and tossed it aside. He didn't eat enough oranges to make it worth while.

The gray day was well advanced. Still Henry could not go outside. He still had to read the last study on "Weather Predictions by Moonlight" before he resumed his planting. And there was his speech to write for the next meeting of the local branch of the Grange. Biting off another chew, he sat down to his desk, and did not budge until Mary asked him if he thought it was going to rain. He broke through his absorption. "I ain't got around to that part yet—but here's the temperature charts for the Pacific experiment stations last year. Look for

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yourself!" Mary didn't bother. She looked anxiously at her husband. "You ought to get some fresh air, Henry. All this studying and worrying is wearing you out."

No! There was still the representative of the Farmers' Coöperative Organization to see, and Henry did not have to wait long for his call. The young representative explained. "You farmers are the only producers who do not know what price you will get for your product when it is ready to market. The man who made that suit of clothes you have on knew what he'd get for it——" Henry looked down at his suit sadly. "They're going to call for it in a week if I don't pay the next instalment, and there's still a lot of good wear in it. Do you call that coöperation? No, sir, that don't seem like coöperation to me. The spirit of the thing is wrong."

Henry jumped up as a strong gust of wind shook the windows, and gazed out at the overclouded sky from which rain and sleet soon pelted. He watched the wheat stalks bend and here and there begin to fall. "Besides," he said, "why should I go into a wheat pool? I'm going to have one of my own." No further arguments could prevail upon that Kansas farmer. HERBERT FEIS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Is the Class Struggle On?

SIR: As a "sane radical" I write to congratulate you on your editorial, "Dictating to the Future," in the October 26 issue of the New Republic. In my opinion, he who speaks of the probability of a revolution in the United States is really *non compos mentis*. This is quite aside from my opinion as to the desirability or non-desirability of a revolution.

But not only do I deny the probability, or even possibility, of a revolution in the United States—I claim that there is even no such thing as a class struggle. To desire or ask for higher wages is not a class struggle, in the Marxian sense. Ninety-nine and a very large fraction percent of our working men are thoroughly bourgeois in their ideals and their mentality, and their deepest longing is to become a capitalist—to be in the shoes of their boss. Do the results in the Harding and Coolidge elections furnish any justification for a belief in the *existence*, in the reality of a class struggle? . . .

More and more, I am becoming convinced that the world's salvation lies in genuine liberalism, in sane radicalism.

Paris, France. DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON.

Ingersoll Letters Wanted

SIR: I am collecting the letters of my grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, with a view to their publication in the near future, and I will be most grateful if any persons having letters of my grandfather in their possession will send me copies of same, or the originals, which I will gladly copy and return promptly to the lenders.

Riverside, Connecticut. EVA INGERSOLL SWASEY.

In Defense of Beecher

SIR: In Paxton Hibben's *"Life of Henry Ward Beecher,"* Mr. Beecher is accused of deserting the cause of woman's rights. This charge is wholly without foundation.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman in modern times to take a medical degree, was my father's elder sister. When she began to practise in New York City, she had to buy a house, because no respectable boarding or lodging-house would take in a woman doctor. A few years later, she and Dr. Emily Blackwell and Dr. Marie Zakrzewska started the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—probably the first hospital in the world officered wholly by women. It met with great opposition and persecution; but Mr. Beecher was a staunch friend and champion of the institution, and of the women doctors. This was back in the fifties. Dr. Emily Blackwell, in her old age, still recalled with gratitude the help and comfort that he gave them.

Mr. Beecher in 1896 became the first president of the American Woman Suffrage Association, and he continued to be an advocate of that cause as long as he lived. He was the author of one of our most effective tracts.

My parents knew Mr. Beecher and the Tiltons personally. They always believed that the accusation against Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton was false, and the prosecution malicious.

Those who are interested in this ancient scandal would do well to turn to the "Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe," and read the letter she wrote to George Eliot on the subject.

East Hebron, New Hampshire. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Russell Tremaine and the Flag

SIR: It is not necessary that the parents of Russell Tremaine of Bellingham, Washington, should belong to any "fanatical non-resistant religious sect" to justify their attitude toward saluting an emblem. The Bible amply justifies their conduct, in unmistakable language. In Exodous xx, 4, it is expressly commanded: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image nor the emblem of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not salute any such emblem, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers [in this respect] upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The context of many chapters makes the significance clear. While saluting of living officials is nowhere prohibited, the saluting of an emblem contravenes the omnipresence of God, an attribute concerning which the Deity is "jealous."

Any doubt as to this construction is unequivocally dispelled by Daniel iii, where the king made a decree that, at the sound of the National Anthem (v. 10), every man should salute the emblem which the king had set up, death being the penalty for disobedience. Three believers in the iniquity of saluting emblems refused to salute (v. 18), and the story that has been woven about this incident, to impress upon others the need for similar conduct, is that the three men, on being cast into a furnace, came out unhurt, being miraculously protected as a reward for their loyalty to the command of the God they worshiped.

Of course, today we do not believe in the God of the Bible, but surely there should be enough tolerance to allow that belief to the few survivors of the faith, at least until the Bible is put among the prohibited Red books.

San Jose, California. WALTER LOWELL.

Professor Salvemini Didn't Say It

SIR: The Roman daily paper Il Tevere published, on October 11 last, a statement to the effect that a few days previously I had given a lecture in Paris, in the course of which I had read a list of those who were to be the victims of the reprisals which must necessarily be carried out by the anti-Fascist revolution when it triumphs in Italy.

I left Paris for England on August 20, 1927. I have never given any lecture in Paris of that or any other kind.

I am obliged to ask hospitality in the pages of the non-Italian press for this letter, since in Italy neither the newspaper which invented the calumny nor those which reproduced it would consent to publish my denial.

London, England. GAETANO SALVEMINI.

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The Technique of Propaganda

Propaganda Technique in the World War, by Harold D. Lasswell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 233 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR LASSWELL has made a most important contribution to the study of war. Basing his essay upon the thesis that modern war must be fought on three fronts, the military, the economic and the propagandist, he has given a comprehensive account of the direction of the third front in the World War. His bibliography is extensive, including more than a hundred books and articles of recent date upon the specific propaganda of the World War, or in general discussion of public opinion inspired by it. Propagandists are men of words: it is natural that their habit of expression should lead them into copious reminiscence and explanation after the fact. Most of the warriors on this front in all the belligerent countries seem to have committed themselves in print, without fear of embarrassing others or compromising themselves. This mass of material Mr. Lasswell has digested into an essay, with a view to bringing out the chief functions of propaganda and the technique of their application.

The first thing which emerges from his examination is the importance of the part which propaganda plays in modern warfare. The resistance of modern individuals and societies to war is naturally so great that it requires a powerful force to overcome it. It might be safely said that without propaganda there could be no war. "Small primitive tribes can weld their heterogeneous members into a fighting whole by the beat of the tom-tom and the tempestuous rhythm of the dance." In a modern state, "a new and subtler instrument must weld thousands and even millions of human beings into one amalgamated mass of hate, will and hope. . . . Talk must take the place of drill; print must supplant the dance."

Mr. Lasswell discusses first the organization of propaganda in the various countries involved in the War. In Great Britain it was at first in the control of the different services, and was slowly brought to some sort of unity under the direction of the overlords of the press, Northcliffe and Beaverbrook. In Germany, it was largely in the hands of the military and diplomatic departments of the government. In the United States, there was a special Committee on Public Information.

The first task of the propagandist is to fix the guilt of war squarely on the enemy, and to define war aims in a manner to arouse enthusiasm throughout the world. In both particulars, the Allied propaganda was immensely more adroit than the German. That the Germans began the War and were an obstacle to a righteous peace became an article of faith on the part of the original members of the Entente, and was hotly subscribed to by each nation as it joined them. The identification of the objective of each side with moral ends is fundamental in propaganda. This was comparatively easy among the original combatants, but more difficult in the United States, which joined the melée only after three years. If the War was all that was represented, what excuse had we for delay? A device to cover the case was invented by Mr. Wilson in his peace proposal of 1916, which anticipated a refusal by Germany and the entrance into the War by the United States on the side of the Allies. Although the Allies refused to bite and the Germans declared their willingness to negotiate, the German peace offers were denounced as insincere, and the United States was eased into the War to "cleanse us from our selfishness," a formula which (of all strange sources!) emanated from Mr. H. P. Davison of J. P. Morgan and Company. Another important object is to create and sustain the illusion of victory. Such an enterprise is difficult in the face of bad news, and both sides experimented largely with popular psychology in this regard. This part of propaganda is for use at home and among neutrals who represent the public opinion of the world. To enter the enemy's country and break down his will to war by depriving him of his hope of victory is a special phase of propaganda warfare and calls for a peculiar technique which involves something of the excitement of espionage and blockade running. In this department, also, the Allies were at an advantage, owing to the circumstance that the wind blew steadily in the direction of the German lines and thus facilitated the distribution of leaflets, of which, by August, 1918, they were able to drop 100,000 a day.

Mr. Lasswell makes a good many shrewd observations by the way. For example, he points out that any motive which emphasizes class interests or prejudices is fatal to successful propaganda, which aims at unity. A war in vindication of international law "has the sanction of bourgeois morality," and one to achieve an abstract ideal, such as A World Union of Free Peoples or A League of Nations, stirs the bourgeois blood. Among vehicles of which propaganda is the natural freight, he rightly notes the press as the chief. "The Press lives by advertising; advertising follows circulation, and circulation depends on excitement," and he quotes an associate of Lord Northcliffe: "War not only creates a supply of news, but a demand for it. So deep-rooted is the fascination in war and all things appertaining to it that . . . a paper has only to be able to put on its placard: 'A Great Battle' for its sales to mount up." He might have added the pulpit. The bellicose attitude of churchmen in the last War is to be explained partly by the psychology of the non-combatant, and partly by the fact that the Church as an institution needs concrete material to keep busy its machinery of eloquence, and found an opportunity to regain something of popular interest and applause by patrioteering. Mr. Lasswell might also have added something of the natural addiction to propaganda of a leisured, ambitious and non-combatant sex, such as the female.

Mr. Lasswell is in no sense a propagandist for or against propaganda. His observation is rigidly scientific; his attitude, strictly impartial. He records egregious errors of the Germans in trying to arouse opinion in the United States against the Belgians by convicting them of sniping, and in failing to offset the execution of Edith Cavell by citing similar instances of severity on the part of the Allies; only to explain them as mistakes of the military mind. He mentions the most brilliant feats of the Allies' propaganda in palming off photographs of the pogrom of Lodz in 1905 as evidence of German atrocities, in inventing the story of German thrift in dispatching the corpses of their dead to the rendering plant; and of our own, in spreading the legend of the crucified American soldier—but without indignation. In the main, his style is one of detachment, with perhaps a sly emphasis on the natural irony involved in the material itself. His admiration for the performance of Woodrow Wilson in accomplishing all the major objects of propaganda, in selling the War to his countrymen, consolidating the front of his associates, winning the con-

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fidence of the neutrals and breaking the morale of his enemies, stirs him to a few impassioned paragraphs, but his enthusiasm is that of the critic for the master craftsman.

In his last paragraph, indeed, the author permits himself to dwell for a moment on the fruits of the study.

> To illuminate the mechanisms of propaganda is to reveal the secret springs of social action, and to expose to the most searching criticism our prevailing dogmas of sovereignty, of democracy, of honesty, and of the sanctity of individual opinion. The study of propaganda will bring into the open much that is obscure, until, indeed, it may no longer be possible for an Anatole France to observe with truth that "Democracy (and, indeed, all society) is run by an unseen engineer."

Since Mr. Lasswell has exhibited such reserve, it may be permissible to emphasize a few of the possibilities which his summing up suggests.

The classical liberal belief in the possibility of a public being so informed by education that its common opinion will be an efficient instrument in the choice of leaders and measures ministering to its own welfare, as against those preparing for its undoing, has recently received some hard knocks. It is becoming evident that the public, like individuals, learns by experience, or by experiment. The late World War was an experience full of lessons; it was also a great field of experiment, not only in the methods of destruction, but in those of healing. Just as the War offered opportunity for experiments in surgery, the rehabilitation of the maimed in body, and in psychiatry, the rehabilitation of the shattered in mind and nerves, so it presents opportunities in the field of social surgery, and in the study of community shell-shock, its effects and its healing. Such an examination as Mr. Lasswell's brings these possibilities immediately and intimately before us. Already the public mind has become conscious of its susceptibility to interested salesmanship; it has learned to discriminate in common speech between truth and propaganda. Already it feels a sense of shame in its submission to the latter. In this regard, the failure of Wilson to give enduring form to his pretentious edifice of promises may not be an unmixed evil. The concept of "a war to end war," "to make the world safe for democracy," appealed to the idealism and to the intelligence of many of the best whom humanity can boast. The disillusionment is the more cleansing, the warning more salutary, in that the tempter could appear so radiantly clothed as an angel of light. The exhibition of the arts of the public deceiver must tend in some degree to counteract the tendency to yield to them in future. Revelation of the methods of propaganda in this War will make its role in the next more doubtful; and shame at being taken in by them may cause the propagandist to fall in public estimation to the level of the spy. Most of us remember the shock of sheer disgust which the public felt when the British propagandist, General Charteris, told in New York, two years ago, the after-dinner story of how he set afloat the monstrous legend that the Germans sent the bodies of their dead to the rendering vat to be made into soap. Above all, the effect of Mr. Lasswell's study is to bring home to a nation that, in order to win a war, it must sacrifice not only its treasure and the lives of its youth, but its own integrity, its honor and its sense of truth; and to press more insistently the question which lies at the heart of war—Is it worth while?

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Failure in Heaven

My Heart and My Flesh, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"MY HEART AND MY FLESH" is Miss Roberts' second novel. She had already entitled herself to critical respect by her first, "The Time of Man." When that book appeared, she was widely recognized as a stylist who was sensitive to the slow rhythms of the earth and the lives of people whose world was bounded by the hills that shut in their remote farms. She was writing out of an understanding of the helplessness of men and women, caught in an enterprise they could not understand. The speech of her untutored farmers and their women, built up out of repetitions, which formed a refrain underlying her narrative, made them at once larger than individuals and as powerless as the trees that covered their hills. "The Time of Man," in fact, was a threnody on human fate. And Miss Roberts was unmistakably an artist. Consequently, a second book by her invites the highest tests we can apply to it. It would be contempt of Miss Roberts to applaud her for work we would accept gratefully from many others. We read her new book with generous hopes that she has again found a subject which will give scope to her abilities, and that her abilities, in turn, have given her a form as well adapted to her end as that of "The Time of Man." We already expect the work of a master from Elizabeth Roberts.

Her ambitious text, taken from the Psalms, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God," warns us from the very fly-leaf of the present book, where it stands in italics, that she is embarked on an adventurous song. This time she is going to leave behind the closed field of earthly fate, in the hope to wing straight to the divine source of all fate. She is attempting the most difficult thing in literature: to convey a mystic sense of the unity of life through a prose narrative. Only a few prophets have ever accomplished this. Instead of embodying all men in a group of simple farmers, as she did before, she is going to unbody life itself in one young woman in a Kentucky village. Certainly it would require a master to succeed.

Miss Roberts follows the traditional reasoning that it is through anguish that one arrives at the source of life; and she heaps every disaster on the young woman she has taken as a symbol. Theodosia Bell was born in wealth and grew up to poverty. She labored for years in the study of the violin, to discover that her ambition as an artist could only end in failure, because of the physical accident that her hand lacked the necessary breadth and power. She was humiliated by the realization that a half-witted mulatto boy, who slept in the public stables, was one of several of her father's illegitimate children, by various mothers, at the other end of the village. And this humiliation was linked to her disappointment in art when she saw that the boy had inherited the violin hand without the mind. She was a daughter who had to lock her bedroom door against her father's lust. She was a lover who was twice deserted, and fell into a jealous insanity. She was an invalid who could not get food, and through weeks of starvation she heard voices carrying on a metaphysical dialogue concerning her father's debauches, her own sins, the nature of man and the pursuit of God.

This is the form Miss Roberts has found for the expression of her divine search. But the reader never feels that this meaning, which she makes explicit at each important turning of her story, lies implicit in it. Theodosia is

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certainly an unfortunate young woman, but her hungers, after all, are mundane and personal. They lack that unmistakable timbre of the impersonal hunger for a meaning in life. The reader never escapes from the impression that success as a violinist or happiness with a lover would have assuaged them. The speculations about the soul, the unity of life and the love of God, which are appended to each incident, are not spoken in Theodosia's voice; they are interruptions by the author. In short, Miss Roberts' purpose is never completely embodied in the tale she tells. The story, so to speak, is too small for its clothes, and is being constantly strained beyond its size in an effort to fill them out.

It is, no doubt, this straining which is responsible for the frequent false notes in the style. In trying to make Theodosia sententious, Miss Roberts makes her sentimental. And in the climaxes of anguish, which result from the cheating of Theodosia's sex hunger and the hunger of her belly (my heart and my flesh), the story cracks, at the most critical moments, and passes over the thin line from the tragic into the grotesque. Theodosia becomes too unreal as an individual to have any reality as a symbol.

This failure is not entirely to Miss Roberts' shame. It is true that she has tried to handle an epic theme with the technique of a lyric. But her goal is ambitious, and she may prove, in later books, that this failure has been more valuable than a dozen of the season's successes. It is because of the plane on which she fails and the abilities she displays in failing, that her book is entitled to consideration at length. Clearly her technical ability is not developed, at present, in proportion to her purpose. But if she masters her technique, she may yet become one of our masters.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

Wisdom "On Spec"

The Higher Foolishness, by David Starr Jordan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 226 pages. $2.50.

SYNTHETIC wisdom concerning nature, man and society is termed "Scieosophy" by Dr. Jordan and pilloried in this stinging satire upon "isms" of the day. In a succession of chapters displaying popular forms of wishful thinking, he launches complicated sarcasms at current systems of pseudo-philosophy and "science." The effectiveness of his missiles is occasionally impaired by the very care which the Doctor has expended upon their preparation, although the burlesque is consistently skillful and the quotation overwhelmingly absurd. The satirical intention of the book would be imperceptible to many without such blatantly ironic titles and headings as "The Astral Body of the Jellyfish," "The Unjust Retrohoroscope" and "Cure by Incantation." But the difficulties presented to the caricaturist by the original literature of Scieosophy are manifest. Let any bright young scoffer attempt burlesque of the following dictum:

> Each world in the great belt has a soul and between the smallest moon and the greatest sun these souls vary as do the souls of men, and may similarly become extinct through weakness and debasing passion. . . . The bodies of lost sun-souls are called comets. . . . The cry of a lost sun-soul, "The Comet Shriek," is the most terrible sound that ever rings through the Great Belt. ("The Education of Souls.")

The most ruthless cartoonist might quail before the humorous delineation of a circus freak-show, but the righteous indignation of a University ex-Chancellor is not to be vitiated by mawkish sympathy for intellectual deformities. Dr. Jordan's mockery is as merciless as it is thorough-going. For purposes of travesty he even assumes the rhetorical garments of Scieosophy, and so intricately does he enfold his design with verbal tinsel that one fears it may become wholly inextricable. The final chapters, however, strip off the elaborate arraignment of get-wise-quick systems, and turn to direct appeal for the plodding honesty of scientific method. The satire, though savage, is timely and pertinent, the appeal is the voice of one crying in a wilderness of "speculative thought" for sanity; and, according to one's habit of mind, one will revel in or revile the book.

D. B. WOOLSEY.

Chopin

Chopin, by Henri Bidou. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 267 pages. $4.

Polonaise: The Life of Chopin, by Guy de Pourtalès. Translated from the French by Charles Bayly, Jr. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 349 pages. $3.

THERE is a tradition, perhaps correct, that Alexandre Dumas saw George Sand read, and throw into the fire, the collection of letters which she had once written to Frédéric Chopin. In this way were lost the documents which might have illuminated one of the most complicated, intense and obscure love-affairs known to music history. In all other sources, too, the documentation concerning the Polish composer's life is fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Not until almost forty years after his death was a complete biographical study of any value published—the still indispensable one by Niecks. Since then, of course, progress has been made in Chopin research. Huneker, in America at least, has been instrumental in pushing aside the blanketing saccharine reputation of the author of certain of the Waltzes and Nocturnes and in revealing the power of the composer of the Etudes, the Preludes, the B and B flat Sonatas, the F Minor Fantasie; and E. Ganche, in France, has in late years published a serious modern study.

Henri Bidou, in his "Chopin," is concerned with the incorporation into his work of the latest corrective amplificatory information about the Pole. He documents his account, at the end of each section, with careful, but not wearisomely copious, annotations. Unfortunately, his method of narrative presentation is a bit dry, and still under the influence of the older biographical tradition. Also he tends too much to string his facts together, end to end, like detached beads on a chain; and his analyses of musical compositions seem somewhat arbitrarily interpolated and not informative in a way necessary to the continuous texture of the book. But from the time George Sand appears on the scene, M. Bidou gains momentum; and well he may, for the story of the love-affair which "broke the life" of Chopin is no ordinary one. In spite of its drawbacks, M. Bidou's work is the handiest up-to-date monograph accessible to the average student.

Guy de Pourtalès cites Bidou's biography in his "List of Principal Works Consulted" for his "Polonaise: The Life of Chopin," a semi-novelistic treatment, analogous to his "Franz Liszt: L'Homme d'Amour." In a "Dedication," M. de Pourtalès explains to his modern self his interest in this last-century romantic. " . . . if this very ironic, very cynical jazz enchants me, it in no way removes the pleasure I feel in hearing Chopin. I should be sorry not to be able to savor two such different forms of

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modern sadness, the one born in New Orleans, and the other in the Warsaw garret."

In his narrative, M. de Pourtalès writes fluently and entertainingly. He sometimes follows Bidou quite closely, transmuting the material to his own ends and procedure. For those seeking less a scholastic documentation and more a lively story of Chopin's life, "Polonaise" will be very satisfactory. Remarkable, too, are the portraits of Chopin and Sand by Delacroix, reproduced in the American edition.

AXTON CLARK.

Mr. Cabell Lays by His Fig-Leaf

Something About Eve; A Comedy of Fig-Leaves, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

IN Mr. Cabell's "Something About Eve," there is little of that rare quality of gusto which flavors the story of the immortal pawn-broker Jurgen, but there is an unwonted new note of mellowness and some lovely prose rhythms and cadences that call to mind at once the music of Synge in "Riders to the Sea." With the mellowness has come a new simplicity of expression, although Mr. Cabell still often calls one thing for another, and naturally finds it more civilized to render somewhat symbolically the grotesque ugliness of the Two Truths, notwithstanding the fact that in a paragraph or two he expresses his disgust with the realities of sex rather baldly.

The new book tells the story of one Gerald Musgrave's attempt to discover the magic word that has been withheld from us by the Master Philologist, and of the marvelous adventures that come to him in his high-minded journeying. There are innumerable interesting characters that Gerald meets along the way, preëminently the ghosts of myth and history—God and Nero and François Villon—but there are also many exquisite ladies who are much like pale figures that some romantic sculptor might have carved from moonstone. In the chapters dealing with the hero's affection for his little red-headed son, there is a poignant tenderness such as the author has never before permitted himself to indulge in, and it is here, for a moment or two, that Mr. Cabell lays aside his protecting fig-leaf of half-mocking suavity.

Of all the books of Mr. Cabell that I have read, "Something About Eve" tells the most about James Branch Cabell. In a way, it seems to be a self-portrait, painted against a background wrought of the silver stuffs of naps and dreams. The latest book is largely a refining of what the author has said variously before, with the added mellowness and poignancy, and with a more perfect technique.

HUDSON STRODE.

Scientific Gossip

Science: Leading and Misleading, by Arthur Lynch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 376 pages. $3.

THIS little volume of academic back-stairs gossip and smoking-room chatter might easily have been called "Scientists: Dressed and Undressed." The author has no particular thesis. He believes in science; but he is humbugged neither by individuals nor by associations of scientists, Royal Societies, or universities in full academic

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regalia. His object appears not to be the defense or criticism of science. Apparently he is a medical graduate who has done time in Parliament and attended all the great intellectual feasts of recent years. But he writes as a wit and man of the world. His real concern is robe-snatching.

And most amusing robe-snatching it is! As he says in the preface: "I have not cared to speak in vague discontent." He calls names with a lusty malice. Arthur Balfour is as empty as Bergson; Bergson as mincing as Maeterlinck; Charcot more of a vaudevillian than Freud; Hegel even less intelligible than Kant. He tells all the old stories and a host of new ones, many taken avowedly from personal experience. He is a master of menckenry.

> Mr. Dawes Hicks [he says of an eminent contemporary philosopher] is a respectable Cardinal of Thought, both in ability and in temperament. He has all the qualifications of a thinker, that is to say, he occupies a high position in the Hierarchy, for he is Professor of Philosophy at University College; he figures prominently at Academic functions; he never emits a sentiment which is not a smooth endorsement of official conventions; he stands at the portals of the manufactory of reputations, for he has helped to run the Aristotelian Society, and he is, I believe, assistant editor of "Hibbert's."

All of which is very good fun, of course. But where it leads, other than to the potter's field, I have no idea.

C. E. A.

Contemporary Thought of Japan and China, by Kyoson Tsuchida. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 240 pages. $2.50.

THE confusion which the invasion of the West has brought to the East already is reflected in eastern thought. If occidental ideas have not yet penetrated the life of Chinese and Japanese as deeply as western forms of production, they have forced Chinese and Japanese philosophers to seek some adaptation to their own systems. Dr. Tsuchida summarizes the trends of philosophical thought which have developed since the West broke through eastern isolation. They are still trends rather than schools, because philosophically, as in every other phase of life, the East is still in flux.

N. P.

Contributors

FELIX MORLEY, a member of the editorial staff of the Baltimore Sun, is the author of "Unemployment Relief in Great Britain," which was awarded one of the Hart, Schaffner and Marx economic essay prizes for 1924. He has also written a book on oriental political tendencies, "Our Far Eastern Assignment."

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AXTON CLARK, lately a member of the literary staff of the San Francisco Argonaut, is now lecturing on Music History, and Philosophy and Psychology for Musicians, at the David Mannes Music School.

HUDSON STRODE is professor of Dramatic Literature at the University of Alabama, and author of many short stories.

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